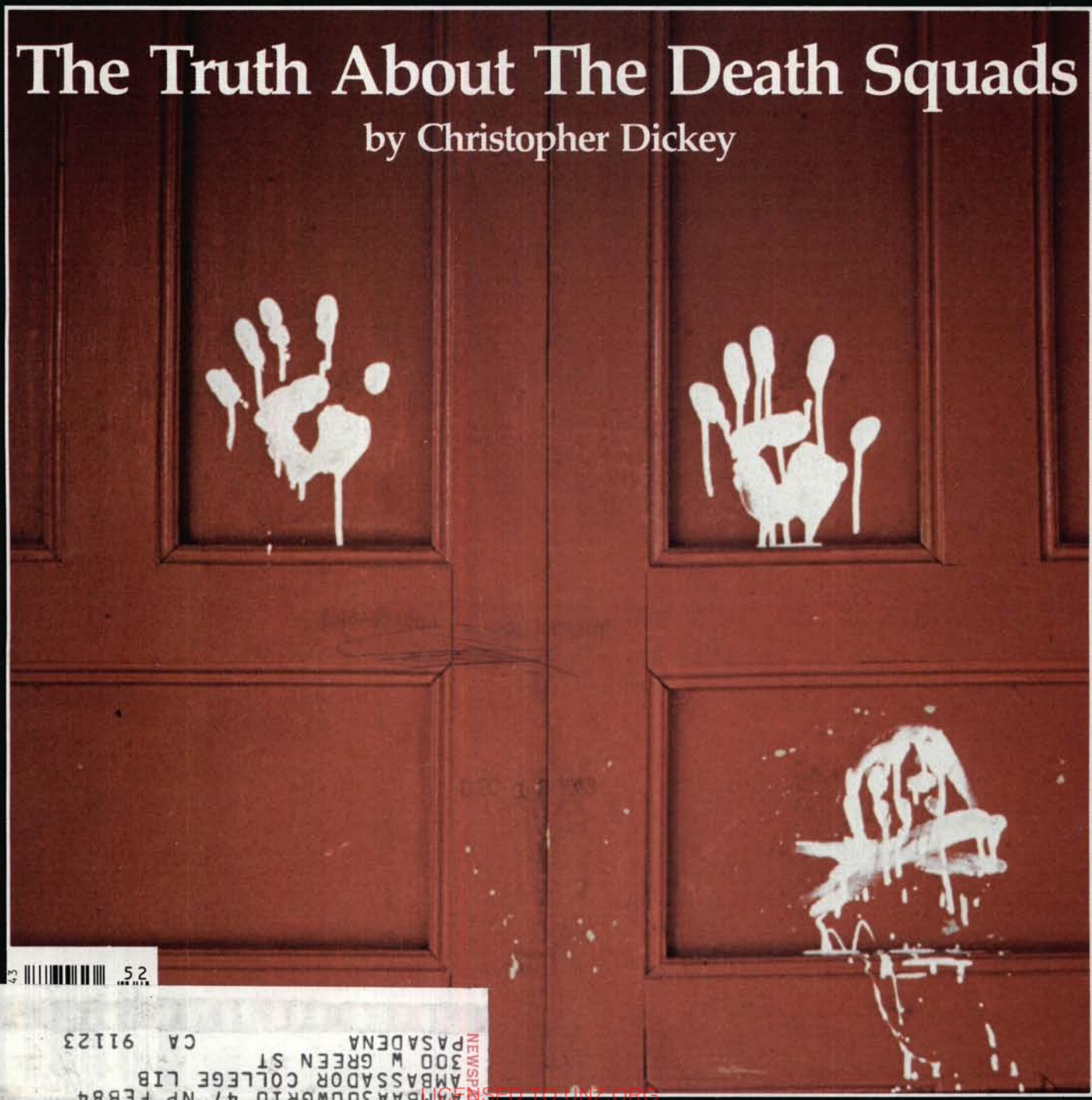
The use and abuse of J.F.K., by Henry Fairlie

Bashing The Syrians, Sort Of • *Roger Shattuck: Stravinsky's Body* • *Group Rights & Wrong*

THE NEW REPUBLIC

The Truth About The Death Squads

by Christopher Dickey



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CORRESPONDENCE

DEPLOYMENT DISTINCTIONS

To the editors:

TNR asserts that our arms control position at Geneva is "perfectly defensible" ("How The West Was One," November 28). Marginally defensible, maybe; perfectly defensible, no.

President Reagan has had a long history of opposition to nuclear arms control proposals. He was one of the most prominent and outspoken opponents of SALT II. There is no public record of his support of any nuclear arms limitation measure prior to his assuming the Presidency.

The Reagan "zero option" was an attempt, á la Jimmy Carter, to capture the moral high ground, at least rhetorically. It had zero chance of being accepted. Successive modifications in Reagan's arms control proposals have come about primarily due to Congressional pressure, the price for getting MX missile funding.

European peace activists may not be sufficiently knowledgeable about the political and military realities of NATO, as TNR claims. However, they have reason to be mistrustful of any depiction of Ronald Reagan as an arms controller. The Reagan Administration's careless talk about surviving a nuclear war and exploding a demonstration nuclear device over the European continent have not gone unheeded in Europe. Mr. Reagan's description of the Soviet Union as the center of evil renders suspect the claim that he can negotiate a nuclear arms agreement that the Soviet Union finds acceptable. The Grenadian invasion heightens concern about whether Mr. Reagan should be the man whose finger is poised over the nuclear trigger.

The Soviet Union was initially, and is still primarily, responsible for the nuclear imbalance in Europe. That point can be made without relinquishing a healthy skepticism about our nuclear arms policy.

LAURI E. KALLIO
Park Forest South, Illinois

To the editors:

TNR states, "The Pershings and cruise are given a military justification and a political justification. The military justification is that the present strategic situation would require NATO to respond to a Soviet nuclear attack by choosing between surrender and a supplication to the United States that it fire its own nuclear missiles. . . . The Pershings and cruise would allow for a Western retaliation that would fall short of a strategic nuclear exchange between the United States and the Soviet Union."

What the editors are suggesting is that a limited nuclear war is possible if these systems are based in Europe. Implicit in this thesis is the assumption that the Soviet Union would discriminate between American nuclear warheads launched by American forces in Europe against strategic and military targets within the Soviet Union and American nuclear warheads launched by American forces based in Montana. Do the editors believe that the Soviet military establishment would allow its nation to be decimated by the former and not the latter?

STEVE LOICANO
Santa Maria, California

RUNNING WITH JESSE

To the editors:

TNR's recent comments on the "false hopes" of Jesse Jackson's Presidential campaign ("Jackson Jumps In," November 28) seem to imply the rather depressing notion that a candidate must not arouse or inspire the hopes of his constituency unless (or until?) he is sure of victory, lest he run the great risk of bringing "helplessness, depression, and social disintegration" to his followers. Perhaps Messrs. Askew, Hollings, and Hart can now take some pride in knowing just how much virtue their singular lack of inspiration has brought them. Whom do we thank for the marked absence of "hope-dashing" in the underdog candidacies of these gentlemen?

More than any other announced candidate, Mr. Jackson is speaking directly to the harsh reality and long-submerged dreams of the disadvantaged in this country. It seems to me that the real test of our readiness to accept a black President is how well we are able to tolerate the entrance of Mr. Jackson into our political dialogue. If your views are any indication, we have a long way to go.

MARK SLAVKIN
Sacramento, California

To the editors:

TNR should be sorry for the diatribe against Reverend Jesse Jackson's candidacy.

In all my years as a NEW REPUBLIC subscriber, I have never read such unkind invective against anyone. Even Richard Nixon received better treatment at your hands. Perhaps you had better examine why Reverend Jackson's efforts really excite you so. You doth protest far too much.

CHARLES P. SILAS
Haslett, Michigan

PIPING UP

To the editors:

Ernest Gellner, whose work I have long admired, has written a spirited and intelligent review of my book, *In the Path of God: Islam and Political Power* ("Mohammed and Modernity," TNR, December 5). But he has confused two significant matters, which I should like to correct.

First, Mr. Gellner equates Westernization with liberalism. I argue in the book that Muslims, if they are to gain wealth and power, must accept Western ways—be they liberal, fascist, Marxist, or other. Mr. Gellner, however, omits the alternatives and has me saying that Muslims must adopt liberalism if they are to succeed. This is not so. I do not state that Muslims will choose liberalism, only that they must eventually pick one of these Western approaches.

Second, Mr. Gellner confuses political secularism with atheism. I argue that Islam is inexorably losing its historic role as a political force, just as earlier happened to religions in the West. This is not the same, however, as predicting that personal faith will weaken—which is what the reviewer ascribes to me. Elsewhere in the book secularization is defined as a "process whereby religious thinking, practice and institutions lose social significance." *Social* is the key word: secularization need not imply the loss of faith.

DANIEL PIPES
Cambridge, Massachusetts

The editors welcome correspondence from readers. Letters should include the writer's full name, address, and telephone number; be typed double-spaced; and be held to under 200 words. Letters may be edited for space. Please address letters to: Correspondence, TNR, 1220 19th Street, N.W., Washington, D.C. 20036.

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COVER *"Mano Blanca,"* signature of the death squads left on the door of a slain peasant organizer, Arcatao, Chalatenango province in El Salvador. Photo by Susan Meiselas/Visions. Article on page 16.

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FROM WASHINGTON

DECISIONS, DECISIONS

A South Carolina judge has stirred the imaginations of a nation by sentencing three convicted rapists to their choice of thirty years in prison or castration. As Jack Benny used to say in his famous "your money or your life" routine, "[pause] I'm thinking. I'm *thinking*!" His Honor Judge Pyle has even one-upped Dr. Johnson: here is a prospect that *really* concentrates the mind.

Indeed, one respondent in an informal poll I've been taking on the subject said that what's most cruel is not the alternatives so much as forcing someone to choose between them. That may be. But this still leaves us as a society with the burden of deciding how we punish criminals. No one is satisfied with the way we're doing it now. Before dismissing a novel alternative as too cruel, each of us armchair penologists might well consider how he (in this case) would decide if convicted of rape and then offered the choice.

An editorial in *The New York Times* condemns the very idea of castration for rapists as "barbarism." Comparing the sentence to sidewalk graffiti, the *Times* describes it as "a sentiment that deserves to be walked on," and sniffs about disfiguring punishment in general (amputation and so on): "If the judge just looks to the right countries and the right centuries, he'll find plenty of precedents for such penalties. He won't, however, find them in the United States. . . ."

On most issues, when no more is at stake than the lives of millions of people in faraway lands, I am happy to defer to the judgment of *The New York Times*. On this particular matter, though, it would be especially sad to act in haste and repent at leisure. So before marching through the prison gates, proudly intact, a stack of unread *New York Times Magazines* under my arm, I took the precaution of inquiring a bit about prison in South Carolina. *The New York Times* trumpets what you won't find in the United States. Has it considered what you will find?

First the good news: a thirty-year sentence—which is not unusual for rape in that state, in case you thought (as I did at first) that Judge Pyle is loading the dice—most likely means only about fourteen years of time served. Think of it as now until 1998. How old will you be?

Now, about the accommodations. South Carolina has the most overcrowded prison system in the country. The main cell block at the state's main prison was completed two years after the Civil War, and is so grim that inmates must sign a release before they can be put there. *The Columbia Record* reported recently, however, that there is a waiting list for the privilege of living in one of these five-by-eight-foot cells, because at least you get a cell to yourself. South Carolina is the only state that engages in a practice known as "triple-celling," colorfully described by the head of the state's prison system as "the dehumanizing daily experience . . . of being forced to live in a nine-by-seven-foot room with two total strangers, one of whom refuses to bathe and the other so emotionally disturbed that he cries most of the night." Or you might luck out and be one of sixty men in a thirty-by-fifty-foot dormitory where bunk beds are lined up touching on one side, with an eighteen-inch aisle on the other. Chummy.

There is plenty of opportunity, under such circumstances, to practice your favorite hobby, or have it practiced on you, although it apparently doesn't count if someone merely threatens to kill you if you don't submit. "If he takes his clothes off," explains an inmate, "that's not rape." So just don't take your clothes off for fourteen years, and you'll be fine. Then there's the random violence and murder, a knifing here, an unexplained explosion there. But some inmates say that all this is nothing:

continued on page 40

"A scholarly, far-ranging and thoughtful book."

—ERNEST GELLNER, New Republic

In the first comprehensive study of Islam in public life, a prominent young scholar probes the roots and likely results of today's Islamic revival. Examining the highly specific demands that the faith makes of its believers, Daniel Pipes shows why Islamic political culture is so different from ours and why it has proved so resistant to Western influences. "An in-depth, revealing study...rich in perspective."

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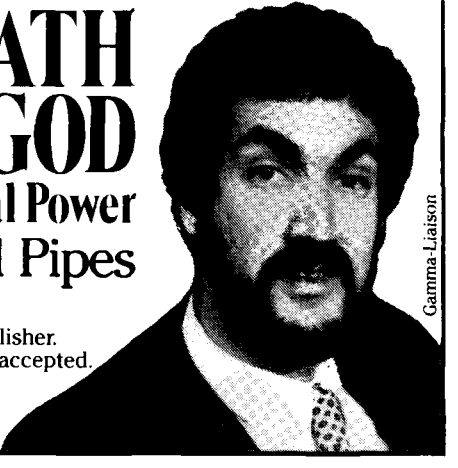
IN THE PATH OF GOD

Islam and Political Power

Daniel Pipes



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THE NEW REPUBLIC
DECEMBER 26, 1983

THE LEBANON STRATEGY

Every policy needs an objective, a strategy, and the means to carry it out. Following the U.S. air raid on Syrian antiaircraft positions in Lebanon, it is clear that the Reagan Administration has the first two. But the losses incurred in the air attack, in lives, planes, and political support at home, raise the question of whether it has the last.

The American objective in Lebanon is crystal clear, despite the relentlessly reiterated complaint of the critics that we don't know what we're doing there. The aim is simply to ensure the survival of a pro-Western government in Beirut. There is nothing extraordinary about such a policy. It characterizes American foreign policy everywhere. Lebanon is particularly weak and beleaguered, but no less important to the United States than, say, South Korea, where it has invested infinitely more resources and prestige. (It is worth remembering that this pro-Western government in Lebanon came into being as a direct result of Israel's war against the P.L.O. and Syria in 1982, and that its present precarious state is in large part a result of severe American pressure at that time to prevent Israel from finishing the job of subduing Syrian and other antigovernment forces. Israel's actions created an opportunity for the United States; American policy now is to try to seize it.)

But objectives aren't enough. One needs a strategy to realize them. The perception of incoherence in American policy is derived from the fact that the Marines on the ground in Beirut and the ships offshore seemed unsuited, in fact unrelated, to our aims in Lebanon (frequently misrepresented by the Administration as "peacekeeping"; see "The Peacekeeping Fraud," TNR, November 14). Things are different now. There are many criticisms that can be leveled against the Administration's current policy in Lebanon, but not that it lacks a strategy. After the Marine massacre, and after consultation with Israel's Prime Minister Shamir and Lebanon's President Gemayel, it has now clearly emerged: strategic cooperation with Israel, a broadened government in Beirut, and direct military pressure on Syria.

The goal is to preserve the Beirut government and to extricate the Marines. These two are linked. A withdrawal without securing one's minimal objective has only one name: defeat. Even those Administration critics most unhappy with the original decision to send the Marines to Beirut recognize that a unilateral withdrawal would be very costly for America in the Middle East and elsewhere. That's why a wary Congress approved stationing the Marines for up to eighteen months in Beirut. The Gemayel government is dependent on and supported by the United States. It is also friendly to the West, and thus a member of a distinct minority of third world governments. If it is allowed to fall to Syria, whose official dispatches refer to the United States as "the permanent enemy," that would be bad not only for our friends in Lebanon, but for friends elsewhere who might be persuaded that relying on the United States is both unwise and dangerous.

One virtue of the current strategy is that it recognizes that there are two distinct levels of conflict in Lebanon, each requiring a different approach. At the national level, it is clear that President Gemayel must expand the base of his government. He undoubtedly hears that advice several times a day, and he certainly heard it in Washington from President Reagan and Secretary of State Shultz. The advice is simple, but given Mr. Gemayel's lethargy, it bears reiteration: he needs to bring into his government Druse, Shiite, and other dissident elements if it is to have the stability it needs to survive and to resist outside pres-

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sures. Perhaps a bold stroke is needed, such as a declaration that he will undertake a new national census and redistribute power accordingly, or hold elections for the same purpose. Whatever the mechanism, he must be persuaded that the only route to national reconciliation is power sharing.

That means that Mr. Gemayel must be prepared to satisfy the domestic claims of his opponents. Instead he's been preoccupied with regional ones. The national reconciliation conference in Geneva labored for days and issued one result: a declaration that Lebanon is an Arab state. Now, the fight between the Druse and Moslems and Christians in Lebanon is not over who is more Arab than whom. It is over power, offices, and spoils. The only people interested in the Arab character of Lebanon are the Syrians. What they mean by "national reconciliation" in Lebanon is a Lebanon under Syrian control, cool to the West and hostile to Israel. (Many in the West see it Syria's way, and think that abrogation of the May 17, 1983, Lebanese-Israeli accord is what "national reconciliation" in Lebanon is all about.) In fact, the Druse, Shiites, and other domestic opponents of Mr. Gemayel have no inherent stake in such a position. They are forced into supporting it by their military and political dependence on Syria. The Syrians not only have little sympathy for the domestic claims of Mr. Gemayel's opponents, they also have reason to fear them: if the Lebanese factions came to a true national reconciliation, the first thing they would probably decide is to invite all foreign forces, including Syria, to leave their country. That is a consummation not to be desired in Damascus. Hence Syria's strategy in Geneva of preventing all discussion of domestic accommodation until its regional interests—absorption of Lebanon into Syria's sphere of influence, abrogation of the treaty with Israel and of close relations with the United States—are satisfied.

None of the local players in Lebanon, neither Mr. Gemayel nor any of his factional opponents, is able to handle that kind of pressure. And yet a true domestic arrangement is impossible until that pressure is counteracted. This can be done only by regional players, Israel and the United States. Hence strategic cooperation. After Israel's withdrawal from central Lebanon, the United States stepped into the breach as protector of the Lebanese government, but after the Marine massacre had second thoughts about trying to do it alone. Strategic cooperation means that Israel and the United States will try to support each other, a far cry from the situation of only six months ago, when an American Marine who waved a pistol at an Israeli tank was treated as some kind of hero. Thus the Israeli air strike coming just three days after the Shamir visit, and followed on the next day by the American attack. These were designed to do more than knock out antiaircraft positions. Their purpose was to demonstrate that strategic cooperation is not just a paper agreement. It can mean something on the ground.

The idea is to confront Syria with what Secretary Shultz calls the "half-loaf" strategy: we tell Syria that we are prepared to tolerate its existing dominance over half of Lebanon, but only half. It's not a radical strategy. It aims merely to ratify the status quo that Syria has been intent on overthrowing since September, when it began stirring up the Lebanese civil war to bring down the Gemayel government. Only if Syria is neutralized can there be any hope of a domestic arrangement in Beirut, and neither Israel nor the United States has the stomach to do the job alone.

Will it succeed? It has a far greater chance of succeeding than the original strategy, which was slave to the formula of removing all foreign forces from Lebanon and restoring complete sovereignty and territorial integrity. That is still a desirable goal, and would have been an attainable one under the May 17 agreement, whereby Israel agreed to leave Lebanon if Syria did too. It is now, however, impossible. Syria has no intention of leaving its half of Lebanon, and, emboldened by the passivity and weakness of its adversaries, has decided to go after the other half.

But there is no guarantee that the first American air strike ever on Arab forces (if we except the nonserious engagement in the Gulf of Sidra in 1981) will persuade Syria to be content with the status quo. For one thing, it is not clear who "Syria" is anymore, since President Assad has apparently come down with Yuri Andropov's cold. But whoever is in charge in Damascus, it is not clear that he will be impressed by the American air strike. We come now to the crucial question of means.

AN AMERICAN air strike with no losses is a message to Damascus. An American air strike with two planes lost, one pilot dead, and one captured is a message to Washington. If the only way to carry out a policy of neutralizing Syria militarily is to engage in a costly war of attrition, the United States will certainly lose. Whatever little political support there is for the strategy will disappear as domestic pressure to disengage mounts. The real problem with the current policy is at the operational level. Israel's astonishing success using American weapons against Syrian air defenses in the '82 war fostered the belief that American forces would meet with similar success. Hence the shock (Thomas Friedman's characterization in *The New York Times* of the Lebanese reaction) at the loss of two planes in a single American air action against Syrian positions. (Israel has lost a total of three planes in hundreds of sorties against Syria since June 1982.)

What are the Americans lacking? For one thing, experience. Israeli military experts point out that the Syrian positions in Lebanon have the densest concentration of antiaircraft weaponry in the world. Pilots have to know every building and every tree because every second one contains a gun or hides a missile battery.

Lack of experience is a curable problem, however. The A-6E and A-7E aircraft that are the backbone of the Navy's carrier force may not be. These planes are bomb haulers, lumbering trucks that are slow, unmaneuverable, and extremely vulnerable to attack. "They are not obsolete as aircraft—they are obsolete as concepts," says Edward

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Luttwak (*Forbes*, April 11, 1983). "The attack aircraft was the product of a kind of cultural expectation of air superiority, as if having air supremacy over the battlefield was the birthright of any American military force. . . . The Navy saw it as a truck. But if you go against a real air defense, the A-6 and the A-7 just don't survive. They don't come home." Israeli doctrine holds that all attack aircraft should be able to defend themselves. For example, Israel used American made F-16s that travel at more than twice the speed of sound to knock out the nuclear reactor in Baghdad. But F-16s cannot be used from carriers, and the Navy's F/A-18, a fast and maneuverable fighter bomber, is not yet available. It's been held up by those in the Navy and the "small—and simple—is beautiful" school of defense critics who oppose weapons with too many missions and too much fancy technology.

These are old problems, and will not be solved in time for the war in Lebanon. For now, the only alternatives seem to be to try to adapt the carrier based F-14 fighters to drop perhaps light, "smart" bombs in future ground attacks, or to rely exclusively on offshore naval guns (the New Jersey's 16-inch guns can hurl a Volkswagen from Washington to Baltimore). To continue to use and lose A-6s and A-7s is a recipe for disaster: it will demoralize domestic American support and, if anything, convince Syria to prolong the fighting.

It is ironic that the weakness of the current policy of the United States—the world's most powerful and most technologically advanced nation—is at the most basic operational level. It is nonetheless true. And no matter how legitimate the objectives or coherent the strategy, Administration policy is now dependent on the ability of the military to translate it into action. There is no guarantee that the military will be able to do so and that Syria will be convinced that a deal with the United States and Israel is preferable to a long, mutually costly confrontation.

Nevertheless, there is no plausible alternative other than unilateral American withdrawal. Senator Gary Hart, for example, professes a preference for political and diplomatic, as opposed to military, means to solve the current problem. It is not a serious position. Without the Marines, the *New Jersey*, and the aircraft carriers, and without the Israeli Army in South Lebanon, political and diplomatic negotiations over Lebanon's future would be short indeed. They could be conducted in one afternoon and one room in Damascus, and the Syrians could do it all by themselves.

The Tripoli Travesty

What is happening today in Tripoli, Lebanon, is a study in cynicism. Yasir Arafat declared that he is ready to leave Tripoli now that he has achieved his objectives. True. After holding out and hiding out among the civilian population of Tripoli, he faces irrelevance rather than extinction. That is a kind of victory. It cost more than twenty-five hundred casualties, mostly Lebanese and Palestinian civilians, making it a large-scale but otherwise wholly typically P.L.O. (moderate-wing) operation.

In any case, we've come to expect no more from Arafat. What is truly dismaying is the spectacle of the international community falling over itself not only to save him but to ratify his political "victory." Arafat will escape from what he likes to call his "concrete fortress" (Tripoli's apartment buildings) in ships supplied by the West Europeans, paid for by the Saudis, headed for Tunisia, Algeria, and Yemen, manned by Lebanese, and flying the flag of the U.N. This last touch—planetary approval—was applied by the U.N. Security Council, with the astonishing acquiescence of the Reagan Administration. It was for "humanitarian" reasons, explained Secretary General Perez de Cuéllar. If humanitarianism is what the U.N. and the other international actors are after, one wonders where the ships and flags and havens are when truly innocent people need them.

The question is not hypothetical. The very week the world's rescue of the P.L.O. was announced, a bomb destroyed a bus on a Jerusalem street, killing four and burning and maiming forty more. The two P.L.O. factions that for weeks had been competing with each other in killing Lebanese and Palestinians in Tripoli rushed to claim credit for this murder of Jews. Will the world's seizure of humanitarian concern extend to the victims of the P.L.O.'s latest outrage? Even raising the question is useless. The very idea that one would have such expectations of the Saudis or the West Europeans or the U.N. has the look of the ridiculous.

What Watt Wrought

James Watt is gone, but Ronald Reagan apparently wants to make sure that he is not forgotten. In his November 26 Saturday afternoon radio talk, Mr. Reagan delivered a paean to his former Interior Secretary, declaring that he "served this nation well," and charging that his record has been "distorted" by conservationist critics. During Mr. Watt's thirty-three months in office, Mr. Reagan claimed, he "set out to increase protection for fragile and important conservation lands. . . . And not one acre of national parkland was leased for oil drilling or mining, contrary to what you might have heard."

Mr. Reagan was doing some distorting of his own. It's technically true that Mr. Watt leased no national parkland for mineral development. But Mr. Reagan ignored the other ways in which Mr. Watt acted upon his urge to tear up ecologically delicate territory. He approved two mineral leases in federal wilderness areas, New Mexico's El Capitan and South Carolina's Wambaw Creek, and trig-

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gered a series of battles with Congress by launching a program to lease even more. Last year, for example, Mr. Watt tried to extend Interior's mandate to issue wilderness leases beyond December 31, 1983, when the department's authority is scheduled to expire; Congress promptly rejected the idea. Undaunted, Mr. Watt recommended in June that 10 percent of all wildlife refuge land outside Alaska (one million acres) be opened to oil and gas leasing—despite a 1982 Fish and Wildlife Service study's warning that "all refuges . . . are experiencing resource threats and conflicts which are in many cases causing demonstrable [environmental] damage."

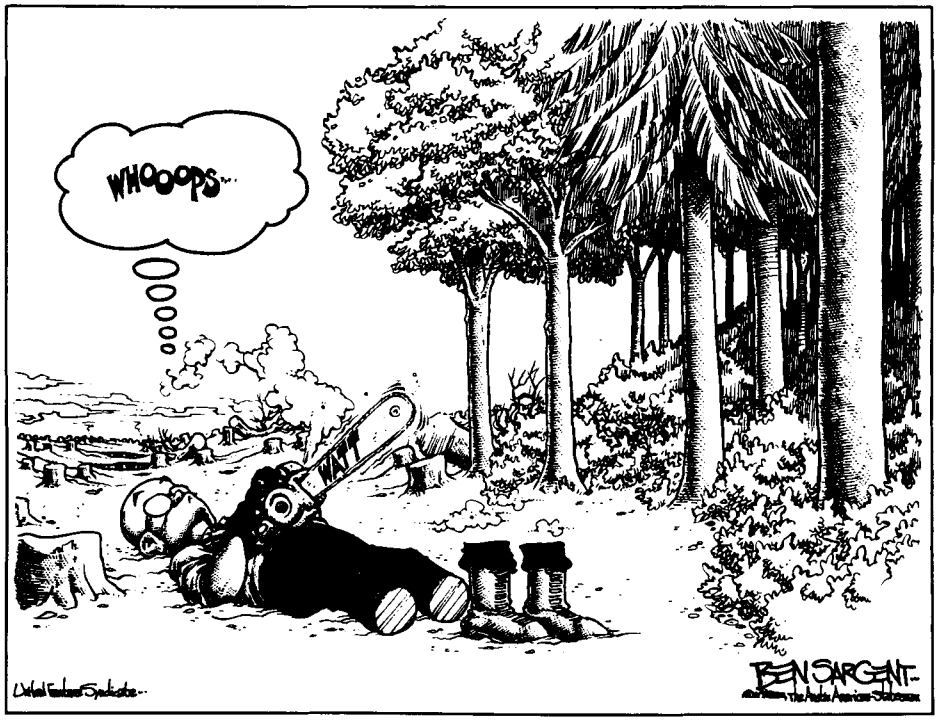
The President went on to praise Mr. Watt's efforts to rebuild the National Parks, noting that between 1978 and 1981 "funds for upkeep and restoration had been cut in half. Jim Watt directed a billion-dollar improvement and restoration program . . . the largest commitment . . . that has ever been made." This is a real stretcher. The truth is that Carter Administration spending for National Parks maintenance and construction grew from $386.3 million in fiscal year 1978 to $558.1 million in 1981. Mr. Watt's "largest commitment ever" was actually a modest acceleration of this already existing trend; he spent $577.9 million in 1982 and $721 million in 1983. The only unprecedented thing about Mr. Watt's parks policy was that he got the money for maintenance increases by slashing funds for the purchase of new parkland. In his 1982 and 1983 budget requests, Mr. Watt asked for an average of only $43.2 million per year in park acquisition money—the Carter Administration's average yearly request was $188 million; the Ford Administration average was $147 million.

Then there was the President's assertion that "efforts to increase the supply of energy have been carried out in full compliance with environmental stipulations." In fact, Mr. Watt's plans to lease the entire billion-acre Outer Continental Shelf for oil and gas exploration departed radically from long-standing Interior environmental protection policies. Previously Interior had auctioned only specific, carefully selected offshore tracts and had deferred to states that didn't want drilling in fragile ocean ecosystems; Mr. Watt offered whole coastlines. Congress had to order him to respect the anti-drilling wishes of California, Florida, and Massachusetts. And Mr. Watt didn't do any better on land. A year ago, a federal district judge condemned Mr. Watt's complete failure to enforce coal strip-mining regulations, citing his "three-year disregard for the [strip-mining] statutes and regulations."

The President claimed that Mr. Watt's replacement, former National Security Adviser William P. Clark, has orders to "review policy, personnel, and process" at Interior. Mr. Clark may be even less qualified to manage America's conservation lands than he was to manage foreign policy: Administration spokesmen have pointed out that Mr. Clark's father and grandfather were forest rangers—a proposition akin to claiming that someone should be Secretary of Transportation because he comes from a long line of cab drivers. To his credit, Mr. Clark has been willing to sit down and talk with Mr. Watt's leading environmentalist critics; he will not be the crude confrontationalist his predecessor was. But if this improvement in administrative demeanor stirred any hopes that Mr. Clark might bring genuine change to Interior, the President's defense of what Watt wrought showed that it's more realistic to be skeptical. Ronald Reagan still sets his Administration's environmental policies, and Ronald Reagan, in spite of the facts, still believes in James Watt.

NOTEBOOK

□ NEGLECTED BISHOPS. If the prolonged dance of the American Catholic bishops around the question of nuclear deterrence last year merited close media coverage, then surely the clear-cut defense of deterrence issued by their French counterparts last month was worthy of some attention. As Jacques Rupnik reported last week ("Le Grand Silence,"), France is the only country in Western Europe without a significant peace movement. At a time when



CARTOON BY BEN SARGENT

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antinuclear demonstrations in West Germany were front-page news in the United States, this latest signal of the remarkably broad French consensus on nuclear defense was at least worthy of note. But the French bishops' statement, entitled "Win the Peace," was excerpted only on the *Wall Street Journal* editorial page, the home of such dubious propositions as the gold standard and Arthur Laffer. The bishops' message wasn't dubious at all. They reminded the many in the West who have forgotten that "It is to avoid having to wage war that one wants to show oneself capable of waging it." They noted that in the conflict of ideologies, communism is uniquely aggressive. They took care, as true defenders of deterrence do, to stress that deterrence must be used only for self-defense, that it must avoid over-armament, and that it be accompanied by constructive policies to reduce the dangers of nuclear defense. The West need not apologize for relying on deterrence, they said. "One does serve the cause of peace in deterring an aggressor by inspiring in him a minimum of wisdom. The threat of violence does not constitute violence." We only wish that more people had been given a chance to hear them.

□ CENTS AND SENSIBILITY: "Anguish and me are partners. . . . The more I know the *métier*, the more I live in anguish . . . to reach that new height. . . . I live like a monk." Thus the artist. And thus his friend: "He can't eat. He can't drink. He doesn't sleep. . . . He sits in a chair, shakes his head, doesn't talk, doesn't walk. Nothing. For many hours, for days. . . . We have to wait, that is all. . . . Then one day it works. He starts with sketches. . . ." You would not know from all this that the scene is the Faubourg-St. Honoré, circa 1983, and not Montmartre, circa 1910. The artist is Yves Saint Laurent, whose clothes are receiving their just deserts in a retrospective at the Metropolitan Museum of Art. And more than their just deserts, too; the organizers of this show, and Saint Laurent's army of affluent admirers, have broken creative new ground in hype for the occasion. They all speak as if what is hanging from the smartest racks on Madison Avenue is a product of late Romanticism. It is not the elegant designer's fault. The real accomplishment of the event is to extol not the dresser but the people he dresses. It is an aesthetic apotheosis of society. The Duchess de Guermantes is invoked a lot. It seems that Proust may have backfired; he made high art of society, from which society had concluded that it is high art. The giveaway is the failure of Saint Laurent's chic customers to mention the element of his work that is as essential as his mind, namely, their money. Of this, not a word. It would demystify all that the designer does for them. What is taking place at the Metropolitan is a confirmation of the central thesis of the society pages: that beauty comes with wealth, that the consequence of an enormous fortune is an exquisite sensibility. Alas, but art seeks a different sort of elite. Surely Saint Laurent's silks and wools have lost none of their appeal; but part of their appeal is that they are an island of imagination in a sea of vulgarity.

□ THE MAJOR TV networks will spare no effort or expense to provide glimpses of the President at work or play—to the extent of toting telescopic cameras to a mountaintop to catch him horseback riding at his ranch. The networks cover Congress almost as an afterthought, and surely as a sideshow. PBS's "Lawmakers" program has been making up for this dereliction for the past four years, providing a detailed weekly report on major Congressional activities and unique commentary on the institution and its mores. Unfortunately, the show has lost two corporate funding sources and the Corporation for Public Broadcasting can't or won't throw it a lifeline. Unless a major private underwriter turns up soon, or C.P.B. reconsiders, "The Lawmakers" will die December 31. If you are rich, you might consider saving the program yourself; if not, you might write to the C.P.B. (1111 16th St. N.W., Washington, D.C. 20036).

□ TWENTY YEARS AGO IN THE NEW REPUBLIC: "This is the time when the red kettles of the Salvation Army remind us that the poor are still with us, something many people would prefer to forget. Yet if the poor in America did not exist it might almost be necessary to invent them, because for years they have been used as the classic refutation of Marxism: instead of increasing they manifestly have been diminishing, whereas the middle class has grown. Now, however, it looks as though the poor are multiplying again as the Sixties move inexorably toward the Seventies. If this happens, it will not mean that Marxists were right; it will mean that Democrats and Republicans are stupid." ("War on Poverty," The Editors, December 28, 1963.)

Individual rights and group wrongs.

QUESTIONING QUOTAS

ANYONE who is dogmatic on the subject of quotas doesn't understand it very well. Let me cite my own intuitions. I am very glad that some fifteen years ago I joined in Harvard Law School's efforts to dramatically increase the number of blacks in our student body. Yet I find wrong the argument made in some parts of our educational community that increasing the number of black tenure track professors is far more important than maintaining the standards of academic and scholarly excellence which make the education worth having. I am not shocked by the New Zealand constitution, which guarantees Maori representation in the legislature (and anyone is a Maori who cares to call himself one) or by the constitution of the West German state of Schleswig-Holstein which carries similar assurances for ethnic Danes. Both societies are, I am sure, admirably decent and democratic. Yet I feel no such tolerance for the attempts to stretch

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voting rights legislation in this country into a similar mold by making the success of black candidates the measure of electoral fairness. (And I note that the Voting Rights Act includes a clause specifically ruling out any requirement of proportional representation.) That the President should make special efforts to find blacks or Hispanics (or, for that matter, women) to fill high government posts seems to me reasonable. However, the commission given by a 1969 Executive Order to something called the Office of Federal Contract Compliance to enforce racial and gender goals and timetables on virtually anyone who does business with the federal government (i.e., most substantial and many smaller private businesses and institutions) seems to me to have brought forth a system of regulation at once mindless, complex, intrusive, and administered by one of the least competent bureaucracies in the federal government. *Is it possible to discern any pattern and principle in* this tangled and troubled area?

CRUCIAL, I think are the distinctions between public and private, and between rights and aspirations. The power of government should be brought to bear in a coercive way on private institutions and persons primarily to assure that we treat each other justly—and that includes not making discriminations implying the inferior worth and dignity of any person. Now if you go on to choose a black associate for the very purpose of proclaiming this equal dignity of all persons or of confounding bigotry, you go further than justice requires, and you use the discretion which is your right to promote one goal among the many a decent man or woman may pursue. It is at the heart of politics—in the best sense—to make such choices, to order priorities and to proclaim national aspirations. That is why Presidents make special efforts to appoint black or women judges and visit black churches. But it is the essence of a liberal state to allow private persons and private institutions to pursue their own goals, order their own priorities, so long as they do so fairly and decently. Thus the battle over quotas implies several different controversies.

One is a political controversy about national priorities and aspirations and the best way of attaining them. I suspect that this President has not made more senior black appointments solely because of the relative paucity of blacks in public life who share the rest of his political views. And I suppose it is a matter of priorities how far he will compromise these views to make a statement I am sure he would dearly love to make. Now it is a fair question whether our aspirations for justice are indeed *ever* best proclaimed by manifestly choosing persons because they belong to a particular race, even a race which is the object of bigotry. But passing that question, there still remains the issue whether a black chosen on such a basis enjoys his advantages as a right.

And here is the crux of the argument about quotas. If these preferences in reverse discrimination arise from aspirations only and not as a matter of right, then the imposition of quotas, goals, and timetables by government on private institutions represents an assertion of state power with major implications, implications which I believe should be resisted. Does a research university violate any one's rights when it insists that language instructors have Ph.D. degrees, thus failing to attain some numerical proportion of minority teachers in its Romance language department? Or does a manufacturer of laboratory equipment violate rights in requiring certain educational attainments of its technicians with the same demographic effect? If these criteria are not used by employers for the purpose of excluding members of minority groups, then to demand that employers override their own sense of how to run their institutions in order that they attain a fixed racial proportion is to assert a general power in the state to draft the private sector in pursuit of the state's goals. And thus what starts out as a demand for the simple justice of nondiscrimination ends up—if nondiscrimination does not deliver the numbers soon enough—as a claim to remake the substantive goals of universities and businesses. In order to satisfy the newly constituted, frankly political goals, the sums must come out right.

Now as everyone knows, governmental priorities are implemented throughout the private sector by a variety of means, including inducements, scarcely veiled threats, and direct commands. Defense contracts—a notorious example—are let to firms in favored regions, and tax incentives distort investment decisions in so many ways that it is hard to know where the fiscally neutral benchmark might be. So an absolutist argument about public and private, inducement and coercion, is obviously not available. But it is a non sequitur of major proportions to pass from this demonstration of nonvirginity to a charge of total promiscuity.

IT IS AN IMPORTANT feature of our national life that private institutions enjoy a large measure of autonomy. And that autonomy would be no autonomy at all if not enjoyed as a matter of principle. As a matter of principle the state and the public put up with private individuals behaving in ways and pursuing goals which the majority may find silly or even wrong. Every assertion of power by the state, therefore, to fold private institutions into public schemes of public policy raises this major issue of principle. (It is this and not—again—some supposed "racist" tendencies which were at stake in the sorry mess about the Bob Jones University tax exemption.) Intellectuals are inclined to recognize this issue of principle and to value diversity and liberty where it relates to activities in which they themselves engage, and so they miss the significance of a claim by government to socialize (i.e., to subject to public determination) the terms and qualifications for the large majority of most citizens' jobs, in enterprises which express the preferences and creativity of those who are not professors, journalists, or perhaps lawyers.

A similar premise underlies another major thread in this tangled skein: the claim that goals and quotas are a matter of justice and rights after all. The justice, however, is not justice to the individual who happens to benefit. If justice is done it is done not to the individual but to the race. Now

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we might believe that in our political system all advantages are procured by maneuvers and coalitions and not by appeals to justice anyway, and so for once the fortunate black applicant is part of a successful maneuver, a winning coalition. But that is not the same as justice.

What, then, does justice to a race, not its individual members, mean? Once again we are in the presence of a deep controversy about the status of individuals and groups. If an individual is merely an instance of a larger group identity, like a particular performance of a great sonata, then the idea of group rights peeping through the veil of individual entitlement has some force. The black vice president holds her job at the bank in the way an ambassador is shown deference at a state ceremony—as a representative and not in her own person. If this idea appeals to you, you might want to consider some further questions: how do we determine what constitutes a group, who makes that determination, and how do we know who may speak authentically for such a group? Should we perhaps have a legislature constituted on group lines?

So whichever way you look at it, whether as a matter of the propriety of governmentally imposed priorities or as an issue of group rights, some of the deepest questions about ourselves and our society are raised, questions which are deeper even than the issue of race which occasions them. Politicians are not philosophers, and the most we can expect from them in these controversies is that they intuit, evoke, and implement a vision. Judged by this standard of fidelity to a vision, this President has done well. His positions have a clarity and reverberation which President Carter could never attain. If we look behind the posturing of members of Congress and journalists in the matter of the Civil Rights Commission appointments, we at least should discern serious issues about what we will be like as people twenty or fifty years from now. Will there still be private institutions to conceive and carry out private goals, or will all significant striving be channeled in and through politics? Will the individual still stand as the primary constituent of social life, the fundamental bearer of rights, or will claims and status always be mediated through the groups to which one is assigned? Will we be only creatures of politics?

CHARLES FRIED

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What the media extravaganza failed to tell us.

J.F.K.'S TELEVISION PRESIDENCY

BY HENRY FAIRLIE

DID JOHN F. KENNEDY exist? The question is not facile. It is the natural response of anyone who followed the nation's month-long observance of the twentieth anniversary of his assassination. From the scores of network and local television programs, from the millions of words that appeared in newspapers and magazines, from the books pasted together for the occasion, we ought to have been able to learn more of the man and the politician, of the achievements of his Administration, and perhaps above all, more of the meaning of the legend of Camelot to the American people now. With very few exceptions, we learned nothing at all. And what we did learn was that Kennedy has not yet been placed in the American mind: that the legend of Camelot has faded, and the reality of those years has not yet been grasped.

USA Today opened what Adam Walinsky called the "media extravaganza" on November 1. Its "cover story" carried the headline, JFK: A MONTH OF MEMORIES BEGINS, with a predictable color photograph of the young Caroline Kennedy leaning on her father's shoulder. From then until November 23 the floodgates were open. It is not curmudgeonly to ask why so much attention was paid to this anniversary. Franklin D. Roosevelt was a far more important President. But go back to the newspapers for April 1965: they passed over his death twenty years before. None of my researches has discovered any brooding in 1921 over the assassination of William McKinley, although the fact that he was shot in 1901 by an anarchist ought surely to have invited many conspiracy theories. (But then one must again acknowledge the influence of television. It is unlikely that the television series "Dallas," a drama of violence and intrigue, would have been given such a setting without the assassination; one cannot imagine a similar television series called "Buffalo," where McKinley met his death.) A university librarian has assured me from his own investigations that in 1885 little was written to recall the assassination of Abraham Lincoln. Why were Kennedy's life and death so celebrated?

One thing can be said abruptly. The fact that Kennedy was assassinated is less significant in the memory of the nation—there have been Presidential assassinations before—than that the assassination at once became and

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has remained a television drama. This crucial importance of television struck me even as the weeks of remembrance passed. I was invited to a preview of ABC's two-hour documentary, "JFK." After about thirty minutes during which I wondered what was surprising me, I whispered to my neighbors, including one of the senior producers of the program, "It's all in black and white. I had forgotten how new television was then." The black and white was accentuated by two other factors: every now and then the anchorman Peter Jennings popped up on the screen in living color; and the pictures of J.F.K. and his time were shot in film, not videotape. Film on television has a slightly fuzzy, nostalgic, even appealing look, rather like an early Buster Keaton short. But the black and white had made the point. Kennedy was the first television President.

AS THE DAYS of celebration and appraisal passed, this was demonstrated most vividly not only by the various television programs on J.F.K., but by the television critics in the newspapers, especially by Tom Shales, the very able TV reviewer for *The Washington Post*. He was a young man on November 22, 1963, "working for a small radio station in the Midwest," as he told his readers, when "the U.P.I. teletype machine sounded five bells, which meant bulletin, and I watched as it noisily spat out the unthinkable." Shales is usually very levelheaded about television. In reviewing the Kennedy programs he went off his head. Why?

Everyone I know thought that the ABC documentary was a realistic appraisal of Kennedy's record and, given the thinness of that record, it nonetheless made every effort to award him the honor due to him. This was not enough for Shales. TARNISH IN CAMELOT was the headline for his review. He found the program "an unseemly slur on the Kennedy memory," an "unsavory enterprise" of "studied irreverence." Had Shales seen the same program as I had? I turned it on at home that night for a second look. Although it was certainly critical of the Kennedy legend, it was not only instructive but dignified.

Shales wrote two more long articles on the television coverage, and in the second he revealed the reason for his prejudice against the ABC program. "Thumbsuckers that analyze Kennedy's effectiveness as chief executive or try to determine his place in history—like ABC's misbegotten 'JFK'—are boring. Attempts to recapture through television the *feel*, not the facts, of the times, and the elusive incandescence of the Kennedy persona are more intriguing." That might be the text for the whole month of remembrance. What the television critic wanted was the Presidential television image. The *feel*—the persona—not the facts. He quoted Kennedy as saying of his Administration, "We couldn't survive without TV"; and he even remarked that "No President came close to Kennedy as a television presence until Ronald Reagan." Again the phrasing is telling. The television presence of a President. That was what Shales wanted, and, by and large—his complaints notwithstanding—that was what we got for a month, even in print. And we got it because that is exactly how Kennedy used television at the time. "On television in 1960," wrote John Corry, the television critic of *The New York Times*, "Mr. Kennedy was a picture of grace," and he noted that "television news coverage expanded during the Kennedy Administration, and in large part Mr. Kennedy inspired the expansion."

In Shales's third article he rightly demolished the NBC mini-series, "Kennedy," memorably calling it "the latest delivery of toxic waste from NBC." The program was indeed "trashy . . . tawdry . . . cheap pulp." Much like Garry Wills's book, *The Kennedy Imprisonment*, published a couple of years ago, and Ralph Martin's new book, *A Hero For Our Times*, it played fast and loose with unsupported rumors, with keyhole gossip and bedroom tales; and as the books should not have been written, so should the mini-series not have been made, and not been shown. (I like to think that in *The Kennedy Promise* ten years ago I showed that it is possible to criticize Kennedy and his methods severely without denying that he was a man not only of honor but of public dignity in his office, a quality which we have sorely missed since then.) But it is worth remembering about Shales both that he is a television critic, reviewing television programs about a television Presidency, and that he is of the generation which took most of its image of Kennedy from television. When he writes of "a slain and fondly remembered President and his wife," and speaks of the NBC mini-series as "like part of a plot to take whatever remaining heroes we have away from us," he is writing from the bright promise of his own youth.

THANKS TO PBS, which broadcast highlights from J.F.K.'s celebrated news conferences at the same time as the final episode of "Kennedy," one could switch from the travesty to the reality: to the reality, at any rate, of the image which Kennedy was able to project on television. It was impossible not to be attracted again by the appearance of the man, to enjoy the nimbleness of the wit, the charm of his gaiety, and even to reflect that, for all the lengthy briefings with which he was prepared for these appearances, he displayed on his feet an intelligence which was wholly individual, and had to invite from all but the most skeptical a measure of trust and reassurance. The criticisms which I made in 1973 of his use of these occasions still stand. He was not only cunningly evasive, but often devious, and he sometimes blatantly lied, not least over the United States involvement in Vietnam. But today I would shift more of my criticism against the press than against him. If J.F.K. had a love affair with television—and how could so youthful and vigorous a man not seize the opportunities it offered?—the American press just as certainly had a love affair with him. Some journalists of that time were honest enough to admit this in the past month.

Bearing in mind the amiability with which Reagan is now treated by most of the White House press correspondents, it needs to be said that even print journalists enjoy covering a television President. The more and better he

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uses television, the more stories about the President are demanded. As one could sense all through the Kennedy press conferences, reporters were delighted to be part of such a class performance. They were eager to play the straight men to so winning a leading actor. There was a willing suspension of disbelief.

The Presidential television presence is at the core of the question of "style" versus "substance" around which any debate about Kennedy revolves. It was raised again and again in the appraisals of the past month, but generally to be evaded or at best obscured. Perhaps most tellingly, it was most often evaded by talking of the "promise." In an editorial on November 22, *The Washington Post* conjured with the word:

> A whole class of people, many of them of the generation whose fondest promise he was held to embody. . . . That John Kennedy had great promise is indisputable. . . . True, there is a less flattering way to put it: much of his vaunted promise arose from the fact that he died before he was called upon to make full delivery. . . . We are, however, a nation that prides itself on its promise.

The word "promise" here slides from association to association until it is robbed of all meaning. What indeed was "the fondest promise" of the generation which he seemed to embody? It could have been anything from the promise of strength and adventure (the almost martial tone of the Inaugural Address) to the promise of negotiation and peace (the much-quoted speech in 1963 at American University in Washington).

BUT CLEARLY people were not talking of the promises he made, much like any politician, and contrasting them with his actual performance. If that were the case, there would be little to be said. He might, in the end, have delivered, if he had lived. We can never know. Instead, the "promise" was represented in "the legacy" which he was said to "embody," all terms which seem popular for their haziness, and which people apparently found hard to avoid. Strip to the bone most of what was written and said, and all that was really meant by the word "promise" was that Kennedy raised a people's expectations of what could be achieved through politics.

My task here is not to try to define these intangible hopes but to understand how they were raised. And this returns us to the phenomenon of the television President. On the screen the impact of the man and his family and his circle was direct and immediate and so far unrivaled. He was the first politician in any nation to realize that television had given politics a new arena. He did not teach the activists and militants and demonstrators with whom we are now familiar that they must play to the cameras. But he was the first to demonstrate beyond dispute that there was a new stage. As even the mobs outside the American Embassy in Tehran knew four years ago, television is a medium which can be *commanded* to put on any show with a spice of drama. I stick to my criticism of ten years ago that, by raising the expectations of politics to such height, Kennedy agitated the political atmosphere, overdramatized what actually goes on in the political arena, and contributed to the disillusionment which followed when the expectations were not fulfilled. But the essential point is that he managed it through television, and one of the few new illuminations provided by the month of remembrance was that television is viewed differently by different generations, and the "promise" or "legacy" or "legend" of Kennedy is viewed differently by them as well. The generations, separated now by little more than a decade, have much different responses to Kennedy than to any other President.

TO THOSE who were old enough, the television memories are ineradicable, even their memories of the assassination. The assassination was thus a wholly fitting climax to a television drama. That was where most people saw the assassination: the long motorcade, the smiling President and the waving First Lady, the rush to the hospital, the return flight on Air Force One, the funeral. But those too young to have these memories have grown up with television. They do not quite believe anything they see on it. No audience of students has ever applauded me more uproariously than when, from my own experience of doing television documentaries in Britain, I remarked to a few hundred of them: "If it was on television, it didn't happen." In the past month I could sense from many of those of high school or college age today that they did not really believe the Kennedy story even as they watched it on the screen. It is not their cynicism; not a cult of the antihero. "He glittered when he lived," Arthur Schlesinger Jr. wrote a few weeks ago in THE NEW REPUBLIC. If he did, he glittered most on television. But no President is going to glitter on television to a generation that was first propped in front of the box at the age of three months.

I would even suggest that a television Presidency will be automatically distrusted by them. But this only returns us to the question of what the television Presidency signifies, of what is telling in the fact that Kennedy was the first President fully to exploit the new medium. Tom Shales makes the leap from Kennedy to Reagan as two television Presidents:

> Kennedy's was an Administration that was also a TV series; Reagan's often seems a TV series that is also an Administration. Kennedy thrived in a situation that exploited his quick wit and charm; Reagan, slower of wit, prefers choreographed press conferences. Kennedy was heavily briefed; Reagan is heavily coached. Kennedy took to television more or less instinctively, and it showed; Reagan is an actor.

He goes on to make the point that both of them "owe something of their political fortunes" to their performances in television debates against opponents who were much more "maladroit at utilizing the medium."

This is all just. But the television Presidency is much more than a matter of the televised debates and press conferences and addresses which a President can give. Television has altered the entire nature of Presidential campaigns—even dictating the character and timing of the events which are held to be crucial—and has also altered

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104 Members of Congress Say The British Steel Deal Is

"...NOT IN THE PUBLIC INTEREST"

More than 100 Members of the U.S. House of Representatives have cosponsored a Resolution opposing a proposed deal to import millions of tons of subsidized semi-finished steel into the United States. In their words, the venture is:

"... not in the best interests of the United States, the domestic steel industry and the steelworkers..."

For months preceding his untimely death, United Steelworkers of America President Lloyd McBride dedicated himself and the resources of our Union to defeat this scheme. The Union's leaders and membership overwhelmingly supported him in this endeavor.

We, who follow him, will continue this fight. To the public, the Congress, the Reagan Administration, and especially to the United States Steel Corporation, we say that we are united behind our late President's program on this issue. We pledge ourselves to its successful conclusion.

He often said, and we repeat, that if United States Steel and British Steel do agree between themselves on this deal, we will fight it before the International Trade Commission, before Congress, in public forums, and in every other way available to us.

We are pleased that so many Members of Congress have joined the fight. Their cosponsorship of the Resolution took courage. They clearly spelled out the dangers in these words:

"... A new unfair competitive factor would be injected into the domestic market, forcing other domestic steel companies to seek similar arrangements, thus reducing raw steelmaking capacity, exacerbating unemployment and creating a threat to national security and the general economy."

The future of the steel industry in the United States will determine the futures of hundreds of thousands of steelworkers, and hundreds of communities. But it involves more—in truth it involves the whole nation. We are determined to prevent two corporations, one domestic and one foreign, from deciding the nation's industrial future on the basis of their own narrow interests.

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HOUSE CONCURRENT RESOLUTION 170

Whereas the proposed joint venture between the United States Steel Corporation and the British Steel Corporation for the importation of semifinished steel slabs is not in the public interest;

Whereas the proposed joint venture would result in the loss of at least three thousand direct steelmaking jobs and an additional five thousand four hundred jobs in the support of steelmaking in the Fairless, Pennsylvania area;

Whereas, if the proposed joint venture results in an agreement and steel is imported into the United States, there may be possible violations of United States laws regarding unfair trade practices and a violation of the recently negotiated United States-European Community steel arrangement under paragraph 10, which states that consultations will be held between the parties when a significant increase in imports indicates the possibility of diversion of trade from arrangement products to certain steel products other than arrangement products; and

Whereas, if the proposed joint venture goes through, a new unfair competitive factor would be injected into the domestic market, forcing other domestic steel companies to seek similar arrangements, thus reducing raw steelmaking capacity exacerbating unemployment and creating a threat to national security and the general economy. Now, therefore, be it

Resolved by the House of Representatives (the Senate concurring), That it is the sense of the Congress that—

(1) the proposed joint venture between the United States Steel Corporation and the British Steel Corporation is not in the best interests of the United States, the domestic steel industry, and the steelworkers; and

(2) the Secretary of Commerce exercises all the powers of his office to take action under existing laws including the invocation of paragraph 10 of the United States-European Community steel arrangement to determine if there are any violations.

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the character of Presidential leadership. The extraordinary impact on public opinion of Reagan's defense of the Grenada invasion is not an encouraging omen. Yet this is exactly how Kennedy used television. It is a medium which magnifies the already considerable opportunities for a President to appeal over the heads of Congress directly to the people. This was my central criticism of the Kennedy method. He liked to bypass the political process—Congress and the bureaucracy—by reaching to the public directly. What needs to be asked after observing the reactions of the different generations to the celebration of Kennedy's life and Presidency is: what happens now, when a generation that disbelieves what it sees on television and so will automatically disbelieve a television President, is about to enter the political arena?

Did John F. Kennedy exist? No young person watching television last month seemed quite convinced. That was perhaps the most provocative revelation of all. This generation has lived under no President who has shown any sign of growth in office. During its lifetime the American electorate and the American political system have not performed well in the selection of Presidents. Why should young people believe or hope? And if we look for the main reason why the political process has performed so poorly, the answer will again be found in the very medium which they by nature disbelieve. They see their Presidents chosen by and their country governed through television. They have seen the world through television since they were tots, and seen through all its ruses, and that is why the Kennedy legend does not persuade them.

Who they are, how they work, and why no one can stop them.

BEHIND THE DEATH SQUADS

BY CHRISTOPHER DICKEY

THE FIRST "death squad" victims I ever saw in San Salvador, some four years ago, were two men slumped in a car beneath a little tree on a quiet residential street. Their heads had been blown apart with West German G-3 assault rifles as they drove home from work. Children stood around eyeing the mutilation curiously, impassively, and an old woman, indignant at the horror, took me by the hand and led me toward a green stucco wall where a crude skull was drawn like the cave painting of a primitive tribe. A handful of brains had been thrown into the middle as a grisly signature.

New to the ways of El Salvador, I wondered what kind of men could make up this "death squad," this "Union of White Warriors" as it called itself at the time, and I accepted the explanation of the government and of the U.S. Embassy that the murderers were mysterious agents of "the ultra right." I even listened to the ultra-rightists who told me the death squad slaughter was the work of the left which killed its own leaders in order to discredit the right. (President Reagan recently revived this hypothesis in a chat with a group of schoolchildren visiting Washington.) But as the death toll mounted that year and the next and the next, and the slaughter was blamed repeatedly on those same unknowable death squads, it became apparent that these explanations were a dodge. In Washington the term "death squad" was used to cover a host of evils with which no one wanted U.S. policy identified.

But the "*escuadrón de la muerte*," as it is understood in El Salvador and as it concerns the United States right now, is a phenomenon distinct from the more general violence and methods of repression. When a score of peasants were machine-gunned in the town of San Nicolás last month, it was not the work of a death squad but of a U.S.-trained "rapid reaction battalion" that regularly kills the families and camp followers of the rebels. When two peasants in the village of San Simón had their heads blown off by late-night visitors in August, it was in fact the guerrillas "bringing them to justice" for collaborating with the government. In a highly publicized case last year, when a dozen people were dragged from their homes in the San Antonio Abád slum and slaughtered by a unit from the capital's First Brigade, it was not a death squad either. As one high-ranking civilian in the government said later, "That was just stupid."

The truth is that the death squads the Reagan Administration has come to be so concerned about in recent weeks are a political tool used with considerable precision to achieve particular political effects. Sometimes, despite Washington's protestations to the contrary, the squads have served its short-term interests. The most obvious example was in 1980, when they helped crush the urban bases of the guerrillas. But in the last few months a resurgence in the squads' activities has been used to challenge

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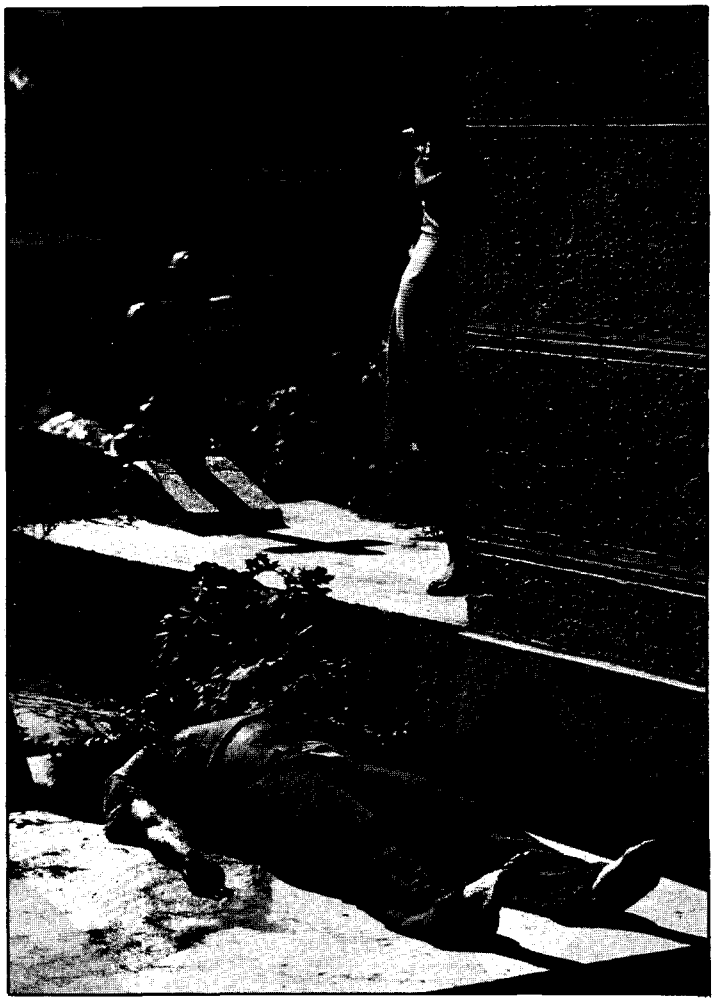
directly the influence of the United States in El Salvador. They have forced at least one American journalist out of the country. They have threatened a prominent labor leader supported by the U.S. Embassy and the A.F.L.-C.I.O. And some of the key figures linked to death squads in the past are now maneuvering into a position of control over the armed forces.

The Administration, at first seemingly oblivious to the death squads' political ambitions, is now locked in a subtle battle with forces behind them to decide whether its men or theirs will determine the future of the Salvadoran government. That is why Under Secretary of Defense Fred C. Iklé, in a sudden trip last month to El Salvador, denounced right-wing "extremists," calling them "fascists" who ultimately serve the interests of the guerrillas. That is why suddenly, months after the fact, the news was leaked by the State Department that the Salvadoran authorities had tortured a confession out of the wrong man in the case of a murdered American military adviser. That is why Roberto d'Aubuisson, the president of the Salvadoran Constituent Assembly, was just denied a visa to the United States. Nonetheless, diplomatic signals are not the strong point of the death squads on either the sending or the receiving end. Just how serious the Reagan Administration is about winning this battle remains in doubt.



DEATH SQUADS VICTIM IN A CEMETERY IN SOYAPANGO, EL SALVADOR, FOUND WITH THE INITIALS "EM" (ESCUADRÓN DE LA MUERTE) CARVED INTO HIS CHEST. PHOTO BY J. ROSS BAUGHMAN/VISIONS.

To understand the current convolutions of U.S. policy in El Salvador, one must first understand how the death squads function, who is behind them, and why they do what they do. There are several doors into the world of the assassins, and slowly the State Department is opening some of them as a means of moving outside the confines of the ineffectual Salvadoran legal system. Other doors, no doubt, it would prefer to keep shut. The names, connections, and patterns concealed behind them reveal the rot at the core of El Salvador's violent politics.

There is a dreadful intimacy to Salvadoran society. Fewer than five thousand people have a voice in running the country. Traditionally those who participated in this elite could expect a certain immunity even from the worst repression. They were outside what Graham Greene calls "the torturable class." But the death squads are the weapon some members of the elite use to eliminate others viewed as less committed than they to the fight against "communism." Their victims are the people among whom Washington searches for its ephemeral political "center," the 6 percent of Salvadoran society that earns more than $240 a month—its bureaucrats and office workers, labor organizers, professionals and politicians, priests, and even soldiers. This is why the death squads still have such an impact on a society that any outsider might think had become inured to blood.

Those who are not killed are threatened. A member of the Constituent Assembly was addressing the floor one evening in October during a heated debate on land reform when the phone in front of him rang. If he did not shut up, the voice warned him, something serious would happen to his family. A senior army officer in charge of one of the state-owned utilities recently received a written death threat and recognized the handwriting as that of an old classmate in the Salvadoran military academy. A prominent lawyer got an anonymous note calling him a communist and vowing to eliminate him. "It looks like a form letter," he noted ruefully. Still, he was scared.

The broad origins of the death squads can be traced far back in Salvadoran history, to the fierce "anticommunist" suppression of a peasant uprising in 1932 by General Maximiliano Hernandez Martinez. And one can talk, as the United States Embassy often does when it gets uncomfortable with the statistics on the slaughter, about a "culture of violence." But it is most useful to look at the history of El Salvador's three "security forces." Here is where the death squads were born.

Repression was always the raison d'être of the *Guardia Nacional*. Its black-helmeted troops were organized around the turn of the century expressly to control the countryside after the small ruling class evicted thousands of peasants from what had been communal properties.

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The Treasury Police started as what you might call "revenuers," cracking down on peasants who produced their own alcohol. But they evolved into the most select and brutal of the security forces: "a secret society like the S.S.," said one U.S. diplomat who studied them. The National Police were charged with keeping the cities quiet. But they also developed a "National Center for Analysis and Investigations" known by its Spanish acronym CAIN. Even when they functioned officially under orders of the government, all three police forces often identified their interests most closely with the landowners and industrialists whose properties they protected.

Some Salvadoran officers suggest that this collaboration is the root of all the evil. "There is always a quantity of surplus *guardias* and Treasury Police who are paid by the owners of a factory or a sugar refinery or a coffee processing plant to take care of, for instance, the airplanes and airstrips. The great landowners always had members of the *Guardia* on their estates whom they were paying and to whom the *Guardia Nacional* itself only gave rifles and uniforms and a certain administrative control that, definitely, was not very good," said one of El Salvador's senior military officers. "Naturally the minute the conflict intensified and the left began to put on pressure, murdering anyone in a uniform and that sort of thing, then all the vendettas began, and naturally they [the *guardias*] identified more with the *patron* than with the policy of the armed forces. That's where the complicity is, precisely, of the security forces."

Perhaps. But such a picture, which essentially exculpates the officer corps, breaks down when you ask how the death squads target their victims. The officer chose his words carefully. "That is one of the irrefutable arguments about them," he said slowly, not wanting to elaborate further. "Certainly they do have good information, very good information." Another of the better informed officials in the government, a civilian with detailed knowledge of the military, was more candid. "Anywhere you hear there is a group" (that is, a death squad), he said, "start the thread at section two on the staff," the intelligence unit.

IN TRACING the background of today's death squads, the first dark constellations of names appear around General José Alberto "Chele" Medrano, the mastermind of El Salvador's relentless campaigns against "communist subversion" in the late 1960s and early 1970s. By most accounts Chele was a genius of sorts, the founder of an infamous network of domestic political intelligence and coercion known as ORDEN. According to U.S. officials in San Salvador, Medrano in his heyday often referred to three of his more capable junior officers as *"mis tres asesinos"*: my three murderers. One was named Eduardo Avila. Another was Guillermo Antonio Roeder. The third was Roberto d'Aubuisson.

Avila is now in hiding, or perhaps dead, having left behind a trail of crimes leading from El Salvador to Costa Rica to Guatemala. Roeder is in jail, after being forced off active duty for corruption deemed exceptional even by Salvadoran standards, and founding a private security business which doubled as a kidnapping ring. Roberto d'Aubuisson stands a good chance of winning the presidency of the nation in elections scheduled for March 1984. To be sure, as he often points out, none of the many allegations about his involvement with the death squads—those same allegations that were cited when Washington denied him a visa last month—have ever been proved. But the evidence is, to say the least, suggestive, and any attempt to describe the development of the death squads must incorporate d'Aubuisson's career as its leitmotif.

During the 1970s a special political police force called ANSESAL was developed as part of the presidential staff to handle information gathered in secret cells and torture chambers. D'Aubuisson, after police training by the United States and Taiwan and a stint at the *Guardia Nacional*'s intelligence unit, became the second-in-command of the special force. But d'Aubuisson had some liabilities as an intelligence officer: a reputation for drinking too much, womanizing too much, and talking too much.

WHEN THE October 15, 1979, coup ousted the president d'Aubuisson served, the ambitious major nevertheless knew how to take advantage of the situation. That same morning d'Aubuisson advised Colonel Jaime Abdul Gutierrez, a conservative and one of the coup's principal organizers, that the ANSESAL files should be removed before they could fall into the hands of the communist rebels, many of whose closest allies were being brought into the government as part of a short-lived attempt at serious pluralism. Gutierrez told d'Aubuisson to get the files and take them to the headquarters of the armed forces general staff. But Gutierrez apparently did not anticipate that d'Aubuisson would keep the most important dossiers for himself. A few days later, d'Aubuisson asked to be discharged because, he said, he couldn't go along with the left-wing leanings of the new government. Within a matter of weeks d'Aubuisson was appearing on nationwide television, his time paid for by some of El Salvador's wealthy families, making detailed denunciations of "subversives" inside and outside the government. Several of the people he denounced were killed shortly thereafter by the death squads.

For most Salvadorans the year that followed was a time of unprecedented fear. A hoped-for truce with the guerrillas failed to materialize. Under pressure from conservative officers, the first liberal coalition government disintegrated after ten weeks. Far from curing the violence, the U.S.-endorsed coup had turned it into an epidemic. The level of repression under the new government was stunning. Mutilated bodies turned up by the dozens every morning on the streets of San Salvador. The enduring image of El Salvador as a place of unremitting horror was well earned that year as the military set about systematically exterminating the urban organizations of the left. The death squads were a major part

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of this action, and no one was beyond their reach.

In February 1980, Mario Zamora Rivas, a member of the cabinet and a leader of the Christian Democratic Party, was denounced in one of d'Aubuisson's televised broadcasts. A few days later two men who worked in Zamora's office, one of whom resembled him slightly, were blown away with G-3s on a quiet residential street in the capital as they were driving home from work. Several nights after that a hit team broke into Zamora's house through a skylight while he was having drinks with friends. They made everyone lie down on the floor and identify himself—"We don't want any mistakes," they said—then dragged Zamora into the bathroom and destroyed his face with a dozen bullets.

In March, Archbishop Oscar Romero, the most powerful moral voice and probably the most potent single political force in the country, was shot through the heart with a single high-velocity bullet while saying a memorial mass one night in the chapel of the hospice where he lived.

In November, Enrique Alvarez, a rare liberal member of one of El Salvador's wealthy families, and Juan Chacón, a charismatic Marxist organizer, were abducted in the capital in broad daylight along with three other leaders of the guerrilla-allied Revolutionary Democratic Front. All were strangled and shot by a group calling itself the Maximiliano Hernandez Martinez Brigade, after the dictator of the 1930s.

A few days later, Americans started to die in El Salvador. Nuns. A journalist. Labor advisers.

D'AUBUISSON was officially an outlaw. After the Zamora business, the Christian Democrats had flatly declared him the leader of the death squads. U.S. Ambassador Robert White called him a "pathological killer." Yet the one time d'Aubuisson was captured, in May 1980, he was held for only a few days. A majority of the officer corps voted to release their old colleague and the eleven active duty officers captured with him, despite the vehement opposition of White and the U.S. Embassy. Meanwhile, the man who ordered the arrest, liberal Colonel Adolfo Majano, saw his own authority in the government junta effectively ended by the affair. In this major showdown with the moderates and the embassy, the ultrarightists had won. The reformist leaders of the 1979 coup were steadily losing power, and the death squads were a key factor in their decline.

Papers seized from d'Aubuisson and one of his aides the night of the arrests were recognized immediately by the U.S. Embassy as the most important documents existing on the death squads. They contained a number of shopping lists for sophisticated arms, including a sniper rifle and scope of the kind believed used to assassinate the archbishop. They outlined a prospective cabinet for the right-wing government d'Aubuisson hoped to install in a coup. Captain Eduardo Avila, one of the original *tres asesinos*, was captured with d'Aubuisson that night. So was a young lieutenant named Isidro Lopez Sibrián. A Major Mario Denis Morán was named prominently in the documents. He appeared to have connections with a collection of right-wing businessmen involved in a large-scale poultry operation known as "*El Granjero*," an enterprise that had reportedly prospered from loans arranged by corrupt officials in the regime ousted by the October 1979 coup. Its general manager was a young man named Hans Christ.

At the time, none of these names could be linked to anything very specific. But since then they have turned up in several sinister connections; especially in the long, slow, often stonewalled investigations into the murders of the Americans.

Eight months after d'Aubuisson's brief arrest, the death squad violence was peaking. On January 3, 1981, shortly before midnight, the head of the Salvadoran agrarian reform institute, José Rodolfo Viera, was having coffee in the Sheraton Hotel with Michael Hammer and Mark Pearlman of the A.F.L.-C.I.O.'s American Institute for Free Labor Development when two men burst in and opened fire with silencer-equipped Ingram machine-pistols. The two gunmen were corporals in the *Guardia* who have since confessed to the killings. One was the bodyguard of Major Mario Denis Morán, the head of *Guardia* intelligence. The other was the bodyguard of Lieutenant Isidro Lopez Sibrián, Morán's second-in-command. The enlisted men testified that Lopez Sibrián ordered them to kill Viera and his companions. They said he told them Morán approved the hit, and that they were given the special guns by the infamous Captain Avila.

It seems Morán, Lopez Sibrián, and Avila were having a social evening. They and their wives were sitting around the Sheraton coffee shop with Hans Christ and the wealthy young part owner of the hotel who had just opened a new disco. Testimony in the case suggests that Avila and Lopez Sibrián, assisted by Christ, set up the murder on the spur of the moment after seeing Viera walk in. Investigators were particularly suspicious of Morán, but they were never able to make a case against him. Lie detector tests suggested that he was somehow unaware of what his aides were up to that night. "The polygraph exam showed no deception," said one investigator. A diplomat who looked into the case put it another way: "Morán doesn't sweat."

THE SHERATON murders were the last of the spectacular death squad killings for almost two years. Throughout 1981 and 1982 the kind of killing that had terrorized the capital in 1980 steadily declined. Right-wing assassinations of prominent public figures seemed a thing of the past, even though in the countryside the killing of peasants continued at a steady pace. All statistics showed the death toll declining. Then, last summer, the unique terror of the death squads began again.

What happened to curtail their activity, and why did it resume? First, a brief but complete cut-off of all U.S. aid after the murder of the four American religious workers in December 1980 had proved effective. "Now that we've hit them between the eyes with a two-by-four," Ambassador

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Robert White said at the time, "maybe we've got their attention." The Christian Democrats in the government, backed up by Washington's drastic move, were able to force the removal from command positions of several important d'Aubuisson allies. These officers were identifiable less for provable links to the death squads than for their ultra-rightist, or, as Iklé put it last month, their "fascist" ideology. At the top of the list was Colonel Nicolás Carranza, the ideological idol of Salvador's far right who had figured prominently in the d'Aubuisson papers as a likely member of the right-wing junta he wanted to establish. Carranza was transferred from his post as deputy defense minister to a position as head of the state-owned telecommunications monopoly. Several of the officers who had been arrested with d'Aubuisson or implicated in his papers were also transferred. Some, including Morán and Avila, were sent into "diplomatic exile" outside the country.

Second, the character of the war itself was changing. The repression of 1980 had taken almost ten thousand lives and decimated the guerrillas' political and military organizations in the cities. After the failure of the rebels' "final offensive" in mid-January 1981, they pulled their forces into the mountains to begin developing a new strategy. Many Salvadoran officers were convinced, despite everything the United States said to the contrary, that their brutal tactics had worked. "You try to tell them that the guerrillas are winning the hearts and minds of the people, and they should act the same way. And they say 'No, you've got to hit them hard.' They think that by terrifying people you get rid of subversion," now-exiled Colonel Majano said last year.

Third, when moderates in the government try to push ahead with major economic and agrarian reform measures, death squad activity rises. In 1981 and 1982, despite what the Reagan Administration claimed, there was little dramatic movement on the reforms.

Finally, d'Aubuisson decided to try his hand at electoral politics. He was brought into the political process in the fall of 1981 in a conscious effort to make him, as one senior U.S. official put it, "responsible for the constitution." His old semi-clandestine organization formed the core of a new political party, ARENA. His past sins were forgiven, and suddenly he was no longer an outlaw, even though one of his few potential rivals on the moderate right was assassinated just before the election campaign began.

BUT BY 1983 d'Aubuisson's stake in defending the constitution had declined. He had suffered several political defeats. The military high command and the U.S. Embassy prevented him or any of his candidates from being named president of the country by the Constituent Assembly, even though he headed a coalition with a clear majority. His efforts to repeal the reforms already enacted were thwarted. Then in early 1983 the guerrillas began actively trying to revive their urban operations. There was a resurgence of union activity and organizing in the capital's slums. As the traditional reasons for terror returned, so did the death squads. Those officers who had believed all along that repression works had another chance to put their theory into practice.

Those who had been linked to d'Aubuisson in the past, and who had been shipped out to various backwaters, returned to active command. General Carlos Eugenio Vides Casanova, who had been chief of the *Guardia Nacional* throughout the period when members of that force were killing the American nuns and labor advisers, was promoted to Defense Minister. Vides Casanova's first move was to rescue the charismatic Colonel Carranza from the bureaucratic exile to which the Christian Democrats had relegated him. He was placed in charge of that most secretive of the security forces, the Treasury Police. Major Mario Denis Morán was given command of the garrison at Zacatecoluca (the town, interestingly enough, where the nuns' case is being tried and from which all jurors will be selected). Jorge Adalberto Cruz, a plotter with d'Aubuisson in 1980, commands the crucial front-line garrison at San Francisco Gotera. Lieutenant Colonel Roberto Mauricio Staben, also arrested in 1980 with d'Aubuisson, remains the executive officer of the cavalry which is the unit responsible for patrolling—if not contributing to—the famous death squad dumping ground at El Playón a few miles from its headquarters. According to one of the top civilians in the government, "They couldn't have come back at a worse time."

By midsummer 1983, politicians in El Salvador were fully expecting the next moves by ARENA to be violent. As one senior member of the government noted, the rest of the parties were relying on the democratic process to advance their causes; ARENA had other means at its disposal.

MODERATE CIVILIANS in the government were especially concerned that d'Aubuisson's allies in the military were positioning themselves to render the outcome of next year's presidential election completely meaningless. They feared that one of d'Aubuisson's men would take over the slot of armed forces chief of staff, using the lackluster conduct of the war as their pretext. The armed forces chief of staff controls the only real political power base in the country—the troops—and could do so even if a Christian Democrat won the election.

In this ambience of intrigue, the death squad killings and threats became not only a means of intimidating the opposition, undermining the reforms, and eliminating suspected subversives, but of testing the intentions and resolve of the United States. It is crucial to understand that El Salvador's ultra-rightists view the United States with ill-concealed contempt. They are certain that if Washington would only give them its money and spare them its advice, they could end the communist-led insurgency in short order. A year ago, even when d'Aubuisson had seemed politically weak, the power of the group around him had proved unassailable. Deane Hinton, then U.S. Ambassador, had publicly denounced the "mafia" and "gorillas" of the extreme right as a threat to El Salvador's future on a par with the communist rebels. But the White

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House had disavowed Hinton's speech through press leaks, and Hinton's effort to have the Salvadoran courts prosecute the officers involved in the Sheraton murders ended in failure. The Reagan Administration spared its advice.

During the troubled summer of 1983, with Hinton on the way out and a new ambassador, who had no Latin America experience, on the way in, Washington was blind to the death squads' renewed challenge. The U.S.-backed moderates in El Salvador viewed the death squad activity this fall as a test of how much the Reagan Administration could be pushed around. Washington still appears uncertain about how much it wants to push back—or can.

Two incidents in particular demonstrated the Administration's initial unwillingness to stand up to the death squads. At the beginning of September the Treasury Police announced that they had captured the young guerrilla who killed U.S. military adviser Albert Schaufelberger last spring. Since Carranza's Treasury Police had held the accused youth in custody for a week, most journalists—and indeed, several staffers at the embassy—assumed that his confession had been tortured out of him and that its validity was doubtful. When the guerrillas' clandestine radio station denied that the boy in custody was one of those who committed the crime, it was reported by the wire services only as a run-of-the-mill daily news item. Nevertheless, Carranza and the chief of his intelligence section, Major José Ricardo Pozo, called Arthur Allen, the Associated Press bureau chief, to their offices. They accused him of writing "lies" and guerrilla propaganda. When Allen pointed out that the guerrilla denial had already appeared in the official U.S. radio monitoring service report, Carranza and Pozo told him flatly that his security could not be guaranteed in El Salvador anymore. The U.S. Embassy did nothing about Carranza and Pozo's intimidation except to advise Allen to leave the country, which he did.

THE NEXT THREAT confronted the United States even more directly. D'Aubuisson accused labor leader Samuel Maldonado of links to the guerrillas even as Maldonado was in Miami, under the sponsorship of the A.F.L.-C.I.O.'s Institute for Free Labor Development, speaking to the Kissinger Commission. The U.S. Embassy finally responded. "Western diplomats" began confirming material gathered on the death squads by American journalists. Most attention focused on three people: Major Pozo, at the Treasury Police; Lieutenant Colonel Arístides Alfonso Márquez, the intelligence chief at the National Police; and Hector Antonio Regalado, d'Aubuisson's hand-picked chief of security at the Constituent Assembly.

When Salvadoran President Alvaro Magaña proved unable to remove the first two from their posts after discussions with Defense Minister Vides Casanova at the end of October, the leaks from the embassy and from Washington became more open. State Department sources told NBC News that the "confessed" killer of the American military adviser was innocent. Moderate Salvadoran officials had planned the leak some time in advance as a way of making the point to Pozo's colleagues that he had embarrassed the military with his actions. It worked—after a fashion.

A general order was issued by the high command late last month removing Pozo and Márquez from their intelligence posts. However, both men remain on active duty, and Pozo is now in a senior position at one of the elite U.S.-trained battalions. And Regalado, who is not even a member of the armed forces, is still in charge of the security at the Constituent Assembly. Meanwhile, the rest of the usual-but-more-senior suspects continue in positions of power, and an officer favored by, if not directly allied with, the d'Aubuisson group was appointed chief of staff of the armed forces.

THE REAGAN ADMINISTRATION is planning some further measures against the death squads. It reportedly intends to investigate the immigration status of the rich Salvadorans in Miami who back d'Aubuisson, although for people with money it is not difficult to find ways to legally evade the immigration statutes. The denial of a visa to d'Aubuisson himself, who has been granted one in the past, was a means of underscoring Washington's displeasure. But given the intensity of the fight for power in El Salvador, such sanctions are at best cosmetic and unconvincing. All the more so when Reagan himself seems confused about the nature of the problem. It can be argued that the semiannual human rights certification required of the Administration by Congress, as it has been implemented, has ultimately served to endorse rather than condemn the death squads. No Administration was ever likely to deny certification, thereby cutting off aid and tying its own hands. So every six months the Reagan Administration found itself certifying that whatever had happened was an "improvement." The veto of the certification legislation was not necessarily a bad thing. But taken in conjunction with Reagan's offhand remarks to the schoolchildren, the veto effectively gave the craziest elements of the Salvadoran right carte blanche. Reagan said that slayings attributed to right-wing factions in El Salvador might actually be carried out by leftist guerrillas "who know the right will be blamed." This is exactly the rationalization that d'Aubuisson and his cronies used whenever death squad activities threaten to become a political embarrassment. Neither he nor Reagan nor anyone else has ever presented any evidence to substantiate such charges.

There are no good policy options available to the United States. The few moderate Salvadorans left in the government continue to hope that Congress will condition U.S. support not on the vague promise to reduce death squad activity, but on the complete removal of all the officers believed directly linked to it. But given the Administration's recent actions, that hardly seems likely. And if the web of complicity tying the armed forces to death squad violence ever did unravel, you have to ask yourself, who would be left to fight the war?

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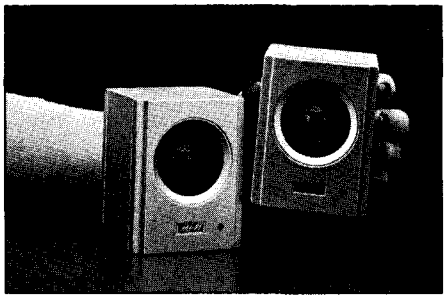
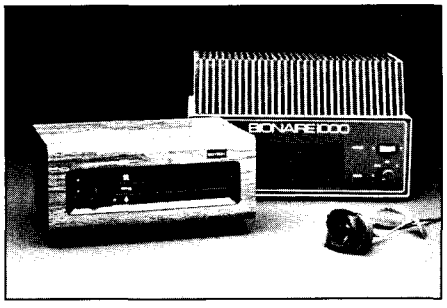
Personal walk-around stereos have changed the listening habits of millions of Americans in the past few years. Now Microfidelity has taken that same concept of micro-technology and applied it to the new MI-FI MFS-6300 micro loudspeakers. They plug into any 120V AC receptacle and turn your walkaround into a total miniature component system that delivers exceptional sound anywhere without headphones! Each speaker has a built-in 3½ watt microchip amplifier. This extra boost in power produces a staggering amount of true amplified stereo sound from a remarkably small source. Small enough to fit in the palm of your hand, the MFS-6300 speakers give you high output, wide response and low distortion. They are made of heavy die cast aluminum so they're strong, durable and free from harmonic vibrations. They plug into any personal stereo cassette or FM stereo player. The MFS-6300 speakers cost **$69.00** ($5.95) #A555.



FRESH AIR MACHINES

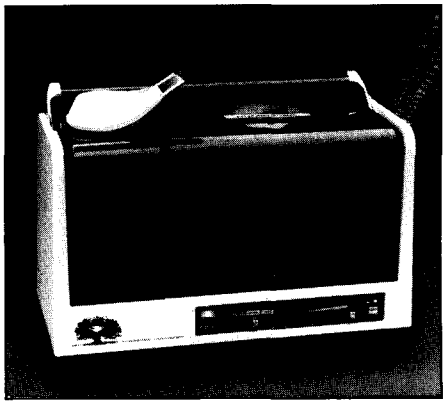


Air pollution doesn't politely stop at the front door. The Bionaire 500 is like moving a mountain breeze indoors. It removes 99% of all particulate pollutants from the air — goodbye to soot, dust, animal dander, pollen, cigarette smoke, smog, molds and fungi. Allergy sufferers breathe easier, everybody breathes more healthfully. The newly developed electret filter removes particles as small as 1/10,000 the thickness of a human hair. The Bionaire 500 cleans 45 cubic feet of air a minute, the average room three times an hour. It includes a switchable ion generator — negative ions are well-known for their presumed psychological good effects, creating a sense of well-being. A switchable fragrance dispenser allows you to add a fresh scent to the air when you wish. The Bionaire 500 measures 11" x 7" x 5", uses only 45 watts energy, comes in a smoothly styled hard plastic case with woodgrain finish. The Bionaire 500 costs **$125.00** ($9.95) #A822. A larger model 1000 has three speeds instead of two and cleans 118 CFM of air. This unit measures 14" x 8" x 8½" with a lifetime steel housing. The Bionaire 1000 costs **$275.00** ($12.95) #A823. An even larger model 2001, not shown, cleans 300 CFM of air and costs **$399.00** ($14.95) #A880. All models are UL-Listed and carry 1-year limited warranties.

DANISH BOOKBAG

This oversize bag is an overwhelming success with photographers, artists, students, musicians, dancers, opera singers, nuns, poets, duck hunters, cyclists, plumbers, teachers, reporters and travelers...because it's a veritable labyrinth of roomy pockets. Its real name is the Danish Bookbag. It's been called the best device for carrying things ever invented. Made of waterproof canvas that wears like iron, the bookbag has an unusual zipper design that enables the bag to expand to double its normal width — to a full 8 inches — so there's always a place to stuff one more thing. It also has two outer pockets in front and a large back pocket. An adjustable 2" wide strap makes the burden easier. Choose grey #A483, brown #A484, blue #A569, black #A564 or red #A568. **$59.00** ($3.95).

ULTRA-HUMIDIFIER



Here is a new approach to humidifying that is so revolutionary and inventive that it makes all other home humidifiers obsolete. It's the ultra-sonic humidifier. We discovered it last fall in Japan and during home use last winter found its performance to be truly outstanding. It uses extremely high frequency sound waves to break up water into a fine mist that carries and diffuses exceptionally well. One tabletop unit can humidify an entire 1500 sq. ft. apartment or house. It is also ultra-safe — the vapor stream is cold (even though it looks like hot steam) so it is impossible to get a burn. It is ultra-quiet — virtually noiseless, unlike conventional humidifiers. It is ultra-portable — measures only 14" x 6" x 9", weighs under 12 lbs. and has a convenient carry handle. The removable reservoir holds one gallon of water, refillable at any sink and runs for 10-12 hours on a filling. This humidifier by Bionaire has a humidistat control (low, medium or high) and shuts off automatically when it reaches the desired humidity level. Emitting nozzle swivels 360° and the unit shuts off automatically when empty or tipped over. **$149.00** ($10.95) #A888.

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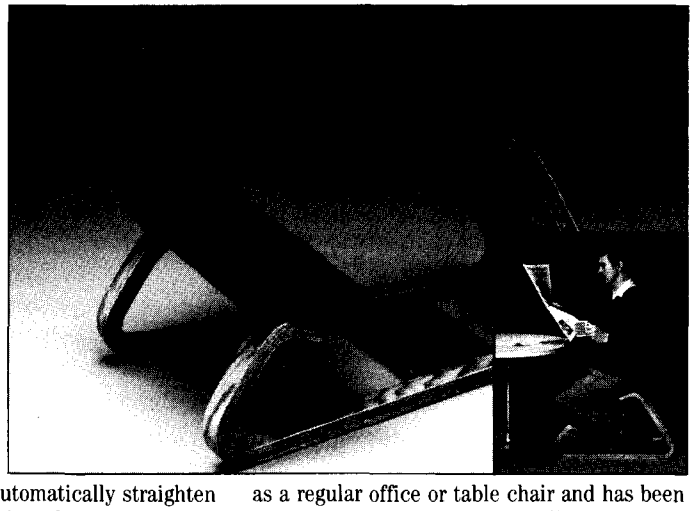

Conventional seating positions the body so the angle between torso and legs is 90° or less. This posture tilts the spine forward, puts pressure on the lower back, and cramps breathing and circulation. The Cloud Chair represents an entirely new concept of seating developed in cooperation with doctors and physical therapists. It redistributes body weight using the knees and lower legs so the back and upper body automatically straighten and find a relaxed position of perfect balance. The chair frame is oak laminate shaped by a "bentwood" process. The seat and knee rest are padded and upholstered in a neutral brown color. The chair positions you at the exact same height as a regular office or table chair and has been used successfully in homes and offices by people 4'6" to 6'9". It will improve your comfort, posture and the back strain associated with long periods of sitting in conventional chairs. **$90.00** ($9.95) #A925.

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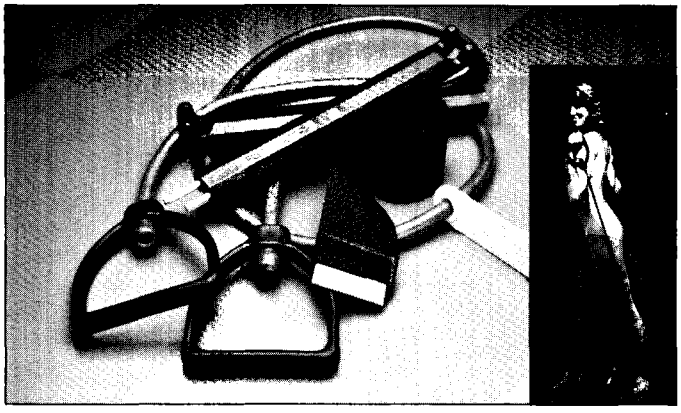
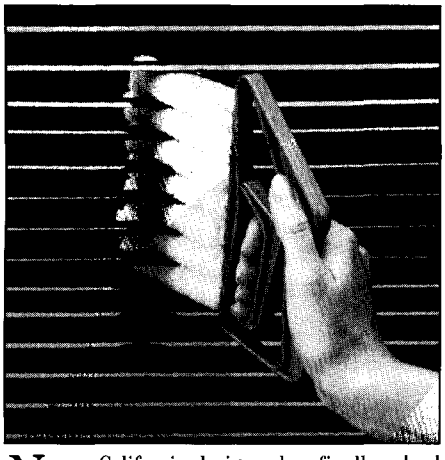
PUMPING RUBBER



The Lifeline Gym may well revolutionize the exercise business. It allows you to simulate just about any of the exercises done on the expensive machines found in health spas and gymnasiums. The reason is rubber — a stretchable rubber cable of the type used to stop planes landing on aircraft carriers. With this rubber cable, resistance increases with movement. This compensates for normal inertia and leverage gains, so your muscles are challenged through their full range of movement. But the rubber is more effective yet. Because you have to resist its tendency to snap back on the return move, you gain a double benefit from your effort. You overcome positive *and* negative resistance in the course of each exercise. The Lifeline Gym is adjustable for individual strength levels and for different body-shaping intentions. It comes with its own carrying case and illustrated instruction/exercise book for **$36.00** ($3.95) #A748.

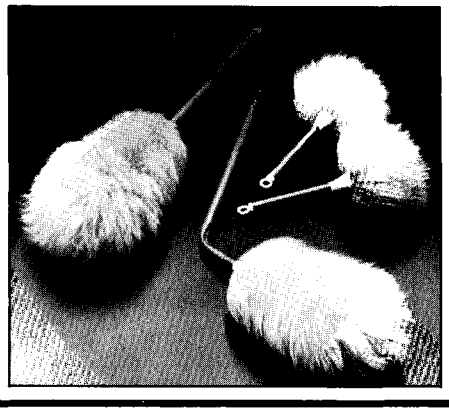
7-FINGERED BLIND CLEANER



Now a California designer has finally solved the problem of how to clean venetian blinds. This tool has 7 roller fingers, 4″ long and covered with a synthetic lambswool that picks up and holds dust and dirt. Pull the trigger and the fingers spread enough to slip over the blind slats (6 mini-blind slats or 3 conventional 2″ slats). Release the trigger and the slats are held firmly between the cleaning rollers. Then move the cleaner back and forth along the blind, release and grip the next set of slats. When soiled, the cleaning rollers can be removed and washed. These revolutionary blind cleaning tools cost **$9.00** ($1.95) #A787.

DUST-MAGNETS™

If we ever compile a book on *The Old Ways That Were Better Ways,* we will certainly include a chapter on lambswool dusters. On its own lambswool actually attracts and holds dust like a magnet. The static charge in the wool causes dust literally to leap off surfaces where it has accumulated, making these dusters just the thing for dusting bric-a-brac, china, crystal, pictures and other fragile items. The standard 27″ long duster costs **$7.00** ($1.95) #A780; the bent-handled model is **$8.00** ($1.95) #A781; two mini-dusters cost **$8.00** ($1.95) #A794. The entire group, a total of four dusters, is an exclusive *Tools for Living* offer and costs just **$16.00** ($2.95) #A783. Buying the group saves you $9.90, almost like getting one duster free!



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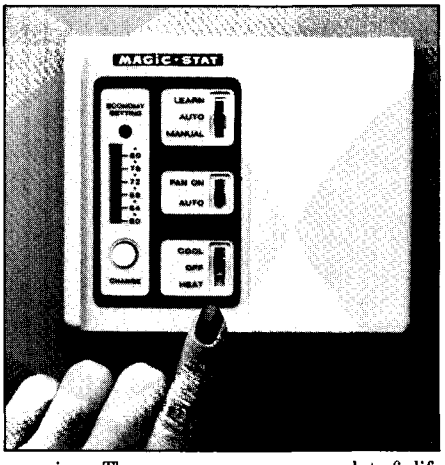
The basic method for reducing home heating costs is setback — turning down the thermostat at night and whenever you are out of the house for a few hours. The thinking man's thermostat — with a built-in microprocessor unit — lets you capitalize on every setback opportunity automatically. You can program the temperature you want and the time you want it, so the house is warm when you step out of bed. As for the "thinking," the unit senses the rate of heat loss for the house, so it turns on the furnace earlier on very cold mornings, later on warmer



mornings. The program can accommodate 6 different temperature settings each day through a cycle of 7 days, so it is no problem to set up different schedules for workdays and weekends. Programming is simple — accomplished with a single button — but provides all the flexibility you need to tailor home heating/cooling to your particular schedule and lifestyle. Best of all, you can install it yourself in place of your present thermostat in about 10 minutes. No wiring to the furnace, just fasten existing thermostat wires to a color-coded connector panel. The thermostat works just as effectively with central air conditioning and qualifies for the 15% energy tax credit. **$79.00** ($3.95) #A855.

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STANLEY KAUFFMANN ON FILMS

The Way Some People Live

When we say that, in his new film, Actor A gives his best performance since a film he made ten years ago, usually we're really saying that his new film gives him the best part he's had in ten years. In *Terms of Endearment* Shirley MacLaine has her best part since *Desperate Characters* (1974), and Jack Nicholson has his best part since *One Flew Over the Cuckoo's Nest* (1975). This is not to imply that any other actors could have done what they do here if the others had fallen into the parts; but when a performer gets a part that brings out his best, that extends his best, we tend to overlook the fact that talent means very little without adequate opportunity.

Terms of Endearment
(Paramount)

Another way to put this is that *Terms of Endearment* is well written, well cast, well directed. The screenplay by James L. Brooks is derived from a Larry McMurtry novel which I haven't read. I'm told reliably that the script retains much of the novel's dialogue, which on the evidence was sensible, and that Nicholson's character is a complete transmutation of a character in the book, which on the evidence was also sensible. Brooks demonstrates even more of his quality with the screenplay's venturous structure. The story covers about thirty years, and he has used ellipsis skillfully, sparing the viewer a lot of relation buildup and time-passing scenes, leaving much of the scaffolding work to the viewer's imagination. The script relies, justifiably, on the collaboration of colleagues, including actors and director and audience, to fulfill it. Brooks is also the director, so the reliance was reasonable. This is the first time he has directed, so it was also brave. In any case, he was right.

Since TV is where Brooks has done most of his previous writing and since *Terms of Endearment* is a family drama, we're likely to hear that it is soap opera *in excelsis*. This is true, but only to the degree that soap opera is authentic drama in reduction. What Brooks has dared to try is what succeeded in such a gem as Passer's *Intimate Lighting* or, at the far pinnacle of such films, Ozu's *Tokyo Story*: a film whose drama comes from following the course of life, not from arranging life according to narrative conventions. *Terms of Endearment* does have a highly emotional conclusion, but it comes about quite arbitrarily, as highly emotional occurrences do in life. This arbitrariness has puzzled some reviewers who complain that the story starts as comedy-romance and ends dramatically, thus mixing genres. But this is only to say that the story is lifelike: a young woman gets married and about ten years later (as readers of the novel know) develops cancer. Ought she not to have been blithe and frivolous ten years earlier on the chance that she might develop cancer? To complain of mixed genres about this reasonably lifelike picture is to complain that life mixes genres. Again, this is true. One of the powers of art is that it can, if it chooses, clear up this confusion and give us unmixed comedy or drama, farce or tragedy. Another power of art is that, if it operates in good faith, it can reproduce the mixture.

Nicholson is not at the precise center of the story: MacLaine is. So is her daughter, acted in true terms of endearment by Debra Winger, who is witty, shrewd, warm. MacLaine is a well-to-do suburban Houston widow who rears her small daughter in a manner that is both possessive and antagonistic, concerned and resentful, neurotic and humorous. Her treatment of the girl is so challenging that the young woman grows up competent to deal with her. The grown daughter remarks, after an altercation, that she and the mother have always known that they loved each other. MacLaine is astonished: they fight all the time, she says. Winger replies, "It may have seemed like fighting from your end."

That's a fair sample of the dialogue, never awesomely profound, never tediously banal. It's the characters themselves, rather than the author, who seem to be avoiding banality. They seem conscious of the fact that most real-life dialogue in most real-life situations has been chewed over and over in print and on screen so often that it's difficult for an intelligent person to speak without hearing echoes of performance. In love or in hate, these people don't want to sound corny.

The plentiful humor is never impasted gag, as in Neil Simon: it's always either a character's credible wit or a "straight" line that comes out funny. In an Iowa supermarket a checkout girl behaves badly to a customer, and another customer tells her so. Checkout girl: "I don't think I behaved badly." Second customer: "You must come from New York."

MacLaine objects to her daughter's fiancé and won't attend the wedding. The objection isn't specified, but presumably it's because the man's financial prospects are poor—he's a college teacher—and because MacLaine is both secretly jealous and openly tyrannical. She might have been happy about her

FILMS WORTH SEEING

The Dresser. Albert Finney magnificent as an old actor pulling himself together for his last Lear. Tom Courtenay amusing and sad as his dresser. (Reviewed 12/12/83)

Experience Preferred . . . But Not Essential. A girl student comes of age during a summer as waitress in a Welsh seaside hotel, 1962. Reticently charming. (11/21/83)

The Right Stuff. Well enough done. Most startling is the way this account of Chuck Yeager and the Mercury seven fits into aviation-fiction strophes. (11/14/83)

Yentl. Barbra Streisand's best performance, self-directed, as a Jewish girl in Eastern Europe, 1904, who dresses as a boy in order to enter a yeshiva. Good songs, ingeniously used. (12/19/83)

SK

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daughter's marriage if she herself had chosen the man. The daughter proceeds anyway, almost amused at her nutty, annoying mother. The bride and groom forgive MacLaine in a pattern that gets repeated throughout the film, argument and honesty resulting in a pact until the next argument. Children come, three of them; venues change. The husband gets a job in Iowa, then in Nebraska. Winger has an affair in Iowa without the soap-operatic motive of marital unhappiness. She is quite happily married: she has the affair simply because she likes the man sufficiently and wants the intimacy with him. When she learns that her husband is involved with a graduate student, she understandably refuses to take this as divine retribution and is furious. (The film's one hoked-up scene is a violent quarrel between wife and husband right out on the open campus.) Soon the medical news intervenes, which leads to the film's conclusion. The end ties up nothing neatly. Life is simply going to go on, which is all that life has been doing up to now.

Nicholson is MacLaine's neighbor, as he is neighbor to the story. He is an ex-astronaut whose life has peaked early and who knows it. He moves into the house next door and quickly earns MacLaine's dislike because he is noisy, drunk much of the time, and an unembarrassed womanizer. In the course of fifteen years, Nicholson's mere proximity, as he masculinizes away, piques MacLaine, and the pique results in an affair, so intense that it scares him off at the same time that it opens a new world of sex to her. The idea of the Nicholson character—an ass-chasing, heavy-drinking, pot-bellied ex-astronaut, with charm that is more overbearing than insinuating—is itself a ten-strike. All that remained was for it to be written well and acted well, which it was. And Brooks has resisted any temptation he may have had to make the affair "mean" something. It occurs at about the same time that the daughter is having her affair, but that simultaneity doesn't "mean" anything. The MacLaine-Nicholson affair is an experience that is absorbed and moved on from, like other experiences in the story.

Other good performances flower out of Brooks's casting choices and sympathy with actors: Jeff Daniels, as Winger's teacher-husband, with just the right combination of independence and subscription; Lisa Hart Carroll, as Winger's lifelong friend, covertly affectionate; John Lithgow, as Winger's sweet and slightly dull lover; and two boys, Troy Bishop and Huckleberry Fox, as Winger's two sons. The scene in which the boys, about 9 and 4, say goodbye to their mother in her hospital room is irresistible, especially since the smaller boy's heartbreak is mixed with the older boy's near-resentment of his mother's death, which Winger understands. Anyone who can work as well as Brooks does with veterans like Nicholson and MacLaine, with a relative beginner like Carroll, and with two children, has a right to call himself a director.

This is especially true because Brooks also shows a good eye for fittingly unusual composition and a good sense of tone. The sequence before the credits opens with voices coming out of a screen that is black except for a night-light in the lower righthand corner. At one level, the night light assures us that the generally black screen isn't a blooper in the projection booth, and at another level it teases us into the film until MacLaine switches on the nursery lamp. The scene in MacLaine's summerhouse, when Nicholson tells her that the affair is over, is perfectly pitched, kept quiet and charged. Brooks holds the camera mostly in a low-angled two-shot with complete figures seated opposite each other. Then Nicholson leaves gently and returns slowly to his house in the background while MacLaine remains seated in profile. It's all understated yet complete.

Andrzej Bartkowiak helps greatly. He is the cinematographer, born and trained in Poland, who was brought into American film by Sidney Lumet and who did such fine work in *The Verdict*, among others. Bartkowiak's lighting shows understanding of faces. The engaging music is by Michael Gore who, like the admirable Georges Delerue, uses classical forms with modern tartness.

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November

1

1963–Diem coup successful. (see June 30)

1972–The *Washington Post* reports on White House study requiring "manufacture and installation of special FM receivers in every home radio and television set, boat and automobile, which could be automatically turned on by the government to contact every citizen, whether awake or asleep," and called for "full coverage, 100 percent of the population."

1982–*Detroit Free Press* reports a Santa Clara, Ca., chief parole officer proposes attaching computers to parolees to monitor their whereabouts and also the use of electronic implants to control violent criminals.

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Stravinsky's corporal imagination.

THE DEVIL'S DANCE

BY ROGER SHATTUCK

Professor Lydia Glaser
Dept. of Music
George Washington University
Washington, D.C.

Cleveland
October 5, 1981

Dear Professor Glaser:

I am an aging part-time graduate student at the Cleveland Institute of Art, or (I prefer this version) a young independent scholar-critic working in the arts. I make my living by other means.

For years I have been circling around Stravinsky, and this summer I found your essay, "Seeing and Hearing Stravinsky," in the collection *Stravinsky Revisited*. May I send you a thirty-page article of my own, which has grown out of a course in twentieth-century performance arts? Your comments would be of great help to me, and I hope to submit the article for publication. I believe the subject will interest you.

Sincerely yours,
Pat Cartnell

Dept. of Music
George Washington University
Washington, D.C.
October 15, 1981

Dear Mr. Cartnell:

Please excuse me if I should write "Ms. Cartnell." The name Pat is ambiguous, and your letter gives no clues to help me.

I am also not clear what a course in twentieth-century performance arts might cover and what you have written about. Nevertheless, I'll try to make some comment on your article if you send it. It may be a little while before I can read it.

Sincerely,
Lydia Glaser

Cleveland
November 10, 1981

Dear Professor Glaser:

I'm male, Patrick. Sorry. I rarely write to strangers.

Your letter gave me pause. You sound very busy and a little dubious about reading thirty pages on an undivulged subject. I decided to drop the whole idea. Then last night I reread your article and got excited enough to change my mind again. But instead of asking you to read my article I'll summarize my ideas as concisely as I can in this letter. And this time, as you see, I'm typing.

It's a curious situation. Since you are the principal scholar whose work I refer to and build on, you should have no trouble understanding what I want to say. At the same time you are probably the last person I should write to, because in a way I'm attacking you. I have no competence as a trained musician or musicologist. But I have spent a large pie-shaped piece of my free time in the past seven or eight years listening to Stravinsky recordings plus all local concerts, and by now I've read a good part of what has been written by or about him. Still, I'm an amateur. For some reason Stravinsky's work and Stravinsky's presence as an almost monstrous mind draw me more forcefully than any other artist—painter or writer—of this century. I'm trying to find out why. After all, I'm supposed to be in the visual arts. It's Saturday morning here in Cleveland and the rest of the day belongs to you—that is, to this letter.

I admire your article because you find something all Stravinsky scholars know perfectly well but have neglected, and you make it obvious. The quotes cannot be dismissed. It is "not enough to hear music . . . it must also be seen." I had forgotten the "fleeting vision" and all the visual imagery that Stravinsky tells us inspired the composition of *Rite of Spring*. It's wonderful the way you demonstrate how S. participated actively with Nijinsky to work out the original choreography for the *Rite* along with the music. What you say about S.'s insisting on placing the musicians on stage for *Histoire du soldat* and *Les Noces* could be developed a lot more. That's the aspect that caught my attention in connection with performance arts. How could you leave out the wonderful quote from the *Autobiography*? "I wanted all my instrumental apparatus to be visible side by side with the actors or dancers, making it, so to speak, a participant in the whole theatrical action." And there's the "Eye Music" passage from *Themes and Episodes* that you must know. "To see Balanchine's choreography of the *Movements* is to hear the music with one's eyes; and this visual hearing has been a greater revelation to me, I think, than to anyone else." I even have two more examples for you—the importance of two-dimensional Japanese prints for the conception of the *Japanese Lyrics* of 1912, and S. noting choreographic ideas in the manuscript score while composing *Agon*. The visual inspiration was often there, and you make us sit up and take notice of it.

Of course someone could question what the role of the visual was—is—in vocal works like *Pribaoutki, Renard, Symphony of Psalms, Cantata*. And there's something constricting, incomplete, in any attempt to concentrate the appeal of stage works on the visual. The visual image distances and locates our experience in space outside us, whereas the auditory distributes it throughout space and carries it deep into our listening mind. Do I make myself clear? Still, Stravinsky must have had an alert eye, maybe a compulsive eye. Now I'm going to try to go beyond you, thanks in great part to what you've shown me.

One of my sources is *Stravinsky, in Pictures and Documents*, a wonderful, undigested mishmash of information on the man and his music. I finally had to buy a copy. After this free-form performance, I'll wager Craft never tries a sit-down biography. He doesn't have to. But I'm getting off the subject.

I'll begin *ad hominem*. Look at the descriptions of S. playing the piano, not in concert but in rehearsal or in private.

This essay was delivered at the International Stravinsky Festival at the University of California, San Diego, in September 1982. Roger Shattuck teaches literature at the University of Virginia. He is the author, most recently, of *The Forbidden Experiment: The Story of The Wild Boy of Aveyron* (Farrar, Straus & Giroux).

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The written record goes back at least to *Firebird*. In her little memoir on Stravinsky, Karsavina recalls how he played her part for her over and over before rehearsals. "His body seemed to vibrate with his own rhythm; punctuating staccatos with his head, he made the pattern of his music forcibly clear to me, more so than the counting of bars would have done. Rhythm lived in, at times took possession of his body. . . ." He played a two-hand reduction of *Sacre* for Diaghilev and Monteux in 1912, a session that Monteux later described. "Before he got very far, I was convinced he was raving mad. . . . The very walls resounded as Stravinsky pounded away, occasionally stamping his feet and jumping up and down. . . ." He played with equal vehemence at early rehearsals according to Marie Rambert. "Hearing the way his music was being played, [Stravinsky] blazed up, pushed aside the fat German pianist . . . and proceeded to play twice as fast as we had been doing and twice as fast as we could possibly dance. He stamped his feet on the floor and banged his fist on the piano and sang and shouted. . . ." In 1914 Diaghilev took the composer to a meeting in Milan of futurist and bruitist musicians. According to the sculptor Cangiullo, S. felt far from left out. He "leaped from the divan like an exploding bedspring, with a whistle of overjoyed excitement. At the same time, a Rustler rustled. . . . The frenetic composer hurled himself on the piano in an attempt to find that . . . sound." Elliott Carter's version of S.'s "electricity-filled piano playing" in the '30s catches the same effects barely tempered by twenty years. Carter speaks of "the very telling quality of attack he gave to piano notes," of "intensity" and "extraordinary dynamism" even in the soft passages. There must be scores of such descriptions.

Stravinsky was a man of enormous physical energy. Do you know the 1924 photograph of him doing his daily set of Swedish-German gymnastics? A musical psycho-archeologist could reconstruct all his music from that one image. He was always in training, acutely aware of his physical condition. It may be the natural attitude toward life of a midget who had become a conductor and a star. Ansermet says somewhere that S.'s morning calisthenics could become highly competitive and relates how the tiny composer tried to wrestle him to the floor when they went on tour together. Ansermet was a big man.

DRAWING OF IGOR STRAVINSKY BY JACK COUGHLIN

I find it much harder to locate believable accounts of S.'s physical behavior while conducting. Apparently in public performance his movements were fairly restrained and concentrated. Some observers considered him mechanical. Toscanini was shocked to hear him counting aloud. But the best firsthand accounts of his rehearsals—by Paul Rosenfeld, by a Vienna journalist, by Emile Vuillermoz, and by a Belgian critic in 1924—all emphasize the nervous, imperious dynamism of his movements. It's incredible. They all use exactly the same verb for him: *dance*. Rosenfeld's famous article-interview is still one of the best. "He commenced singing the words in Russian, even danced a little in his pink sweater up on the conductor's stand. . . . His arms at all times mimed the rhythmic starts and jerks, till one could actually perceive where his music came from." That says it all. S. once ridiculed an overly demonstrative conductor by comparing the performance to "a belly dance seen from behind." In his own case I have a hunch he tried to make the physical postures of conducting recapitulate and even extend the process of composition. Here's a 1930 interview: "I have the impression that only in conducting his own works does a composer feel the fullest blossoming of his temperament. To realize the composition that one has conceived gives an incomparable pleasure." Those are not the words of a man who conducted only for the fee and the glory. I believe his statement—above all as it applies to him.

Sorry. This summary of my article is coming out all quotes. They're the best part. You must see what I'm driving at. I find it even more obvious than your demonstration about the visual. S. composed with his whole body, not just with his enormous ears and his sharp eyes. (He even said ear and eye get in each other's way. Remember?) This son of a famous opera singer loved amateur theatricals before he loved the piano. In 1924 he improved on Ramuz's description of him from "born conductor" to "born performer" (*interprète né*). I think it's essential to understand that S.'s music emanates from a whole dancing body, his own. Look at the dancing bear in *Petrushka*. In one performance I

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saw the bear lead the whole ensemble. A metaphor for Stravinsky conducting.

Now, I haven't really parted company with you. You just didn't go far enough with your visual thesis. The corporal is right there in the same passages you quote, but you have to read on. In the *Autobiography* you quote the section where S. speaks about the "vision" and the "picture" that seemed to provide the theme of the *Sacre*. A few pages later he refers to deciding with Roerich on the "visual embodiment" of the episodes. You underline *visual*; I underline *body*. He's correcting himself. And here's your other key quotation. "I have always had a horror of listening to music with my eyes shut, with nothing for them to do." But you stopped too soon! In the very next sentence he corrects himself again. "The sight of the gestures and movements of the various parts of the body producing the music is fundamentally necessary if it is to be grasped in its fullness." Body again, and always, no? In the *Poetics* where he talks about "seeing" music, he makes it clear that he is referring to the physical performance, the gestures of dancers and instrumentalists.

It's frustrating to discover that S. has said it all. He talked too much and too well for our own good. There's nothing left to do but collate. He wrote my conclusion, and you must know the passage as well as I do. A month after the *Petrushka* premiere, in midcomposition of *Sacre*, he already foresaw his whole career and described it in a letter to Rimsky-Korsakov's son. I consider this S.'s only true manifesto. Every word counts. "I believe that if some Michelangelo were alive today—so it occurred to me, looking at the frescoes in the Sistine Chapel—the only thing that his genius would admit and recognize is choreography. . . . Not until I had worked in choreography did I realize this, as well as the necessity and value of what I am doing."

Amen.

Sincerely yours,
Patrick Cartnell

Washington
November 20, 1981

Dear Mr. Cartnell:

Thank you for sending a lively six-page letter instead of a thirty-page article. I read it straight through standing by the mailboxes and have just read it again, carefully. Your knowledge of Stravinsky impresses me very much. I hope you can continue your work and your concern with performance, the role of the body, and their relation to music. There is a sentence near the beginning of his *Poetics*, in which Stravinsky defines music as ordered sound that comes from "the integral man." Isn't that what you're saying?

You begin your letter by asking for my comments. The evidence you collect makes a very strong case for the physical and corporal side of his inspiration. Possibly it was stronger than the visual side. I never saw or met the composer, but I feel sure you're right about his intense physical presence. People have described him as everything from a leprechaun to a champion cyclist.

But something in all this makes me very uneasy. I'm at fault as much as you and I may be partly to blame. Both of us rely almost entirely on written sources by and about Stravinsky, and pay little attention to the music itself. We mention a few titles, but neither of us analyzes any musical examples. I talk about Stravinsky's collaborations with great visual artists like Benois and Bakst and Gontcharova and Picasso and Larionov. You have hunted through *Stravinsky, in Pictures and Documents* and other books with infinite patience and found lots of quotes. But it all seems speculative, bookish, the thoughts of someone who came to the music through the life and writings. Do you know Stravinsky's music as well as you know the books?

You were right to think that I might be your best and your worst reader. Your article is probably worth publishing, if simply because it collects most of the extrinsic evidence on the physicality of Stravinsky's music. That's helpful, but also superficial and inadequate. The intrinsic evidence would mean much more. Can you show that Stravinsky's work is consistently more corporal, of the whole body, than Debussy's or Prokovieff's? Schoenberg's or Bartok's? I'll go a long way with you, but there's one aspect of Stravinsky's music that remains essentially visual for me. That is his tendency to compose without transitions, by abrupt juxtapositions and interruptions. Stravinsky himself refers to "cutting off the fugue with a pair of scissors." In my article I discuss this abruptness in relation to cubism and primitivism in France just before World War I. Within careful limits it makes sense to refer to *Sacre* and *Histoire du soldat* and *Les Noces* and even many late compositions as "cubist." Motifs are jammed together and overlayed in a fashion I find visual, and the driving pulse of most of the music emphasizes the effect.

Perhaps you will want to answer some of my criticisms. I might as well say that yours is the only challenging response I have had to my article. Most people said nice things and went about their business. My work doesn't threaten anyone, I guess. Thank you again, in any case, for writing. I'm afraid I've offered you very little useful comment.

Sincerely yours,
Lydia Glaser

Cleveland
December 2, 1981

Dear Ms. Glaser:

The bookish nature of the letter I wrote you cannot be blamed on the evil influence of your article. I'm a dilettante who can barely read music and therefore I didn't dare attempt any musical discussions. But the way I first grasped the corporal nature of Stravinsky's music was by listening to it over and over again. The reading came afterwards, in order to *transformer ma volupté en connaissance*. (In art history we have to know our Baudelaire. I suppose you must know this quote from his essay on Wagner.) So now I'll have to start all over again from the beginning and convince you that I'm *hearing* something in S. that's really there in the played notes.

I'll pick a piece I know well, *L'Histoire du Soldat*. Let's forget what people have said about it—S. himself, Ramuz, Ansermet, and everyone else—even though the original itinerant theater conception is marvelous, and the way it grew. The first three measures say everything. A brisk cornet call to launch us on a regular walking pulse that will keep coming back. The phrasing and the instrumentation in those measures sound both military and circusy—like fairgrounds music. It involves a very odd sideslip into the key of G. How would you analyze it? I can't. I hear it as a physical summons to a performance, to start walking, to find some spring and verve in our bodies. Nothing visual here, rather two insistent and coherent lines directed more toward provoking bodily movement than toward establishing a tonal center. There's a section in Adorno's book where he works him-

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self up to assassinate "the schizoid dispersion of aesthetic functions" and the "hebephrenia" of *Histoire du Soldat*. What does all that mean? But Adorno still had a sensibility behind his crass prejudices and talks about "passages in which the 'melody' is bypassed, in order that it might appear in the actual leading voice—in bodily movement on the stage." That's far from stupid. S. composes music here to galvanize everyone into action.

Or take the music that forms a complete contrast in the same piece, the two Chorales near the end. To my ear it's the most successful counterpoint S. ever wrote, with fermatas held until you think it's all finished and it hasn't. The slowly wheeling harmonies won't allow the tension to drop. They create the feeling of plenitude, of life completely realized, of an almost superhuman condition. To me it's a sustained instrumental gesture, yes, a chorale for all our voices rejoicing with arms outstretched and necks straining. Personal associations? Perhaps. But I don't think so. You cannot hear the Great Chorale without experiencing a vast expansion of physical space—visual perhaps, but above all corporal. Of course he breaks it off with the devil's dance.

And there's the crux. Do you know about the ending? It's in Ramuz's letters. An actor and a dancer alternated in the devil's role. In rehearsal neither one could begin to produce the wild jerky energetic movements S. and Ramuz wanted for the last Triumphal March. Solution? Stravinsky would do it himself! Stravinsky on stage as devil dancing to his own music! Ramuz agreed enthusiastically, asked others to encourage the composer, and wrote to S. urgently. "Dance that *last scene yourself*; you'll live it rhythmically and you'll save everything." Before conducting offered him an appropriate (and lucrative) outlet, S. showed signs of a Molière syndrome, the desire to write and direct performances in which he would perform himself. That little tidbit about S. almost dancing the devil's role in *Histoire du Soldat* sums up his entire corporal genius.

Can you hear the *Octet* without sensing that S. was thinking not so much in terms of sounds as in terms of bodily movement suggested by, reached through those sounds? I haven't seen Jerome Robbins's choreography; I'm told it's wonderfully inventive and witty. After a while I hear almost everything S. wrote that way—I don't mean foot-tapping or some kind of routine body language, such as ballet can become at its worst. S. composed to reveal the expressive resources of the body. Take the opening of *Symphonies for Wind Instruments*. A friend of mine calls it "eerie lyric." Yes. But I begin to hear it as another summons, like *Histoire*, to action—the torso twisted, legs slowly tensing and releasing, a contortion, but not painful. The end of *Les Noces* takes the opposite position. Those slow-flowing measures of counted silence punctuated by chimed beats spaced out to the limits of our capacity for time perception—Stravinsky wrote an extended, shimmering, precise, perpetual-motion device that leads us out finally onto a plateau of pure silence. He would call it "ontological time." The piece must be heard almost backwards, I think, as one prolonged, convoluted cadence announced at rehearsal number 58 or at least by 80 and going on and on like a hundredfold amen. The insistent physicality of the music carries us to an ultimate repose, quietness and silence as forms of expression, calm after the storm.

I just reread what I've written. I shouldn't send it. Why do you put up with my rantings? Possibly I know the answer. I got a surprise when I looked you up in *Who's Who* and didn't find you. I had to go to the *Directory of American Scholars*, latest edition, to find out that you're younger than I am! I first imagined you as a white-haired senior scholar with the authority and appearance of Nadia Boulanger. In the *Directory* there's no photograph beside your short entry to fill the newly created void.

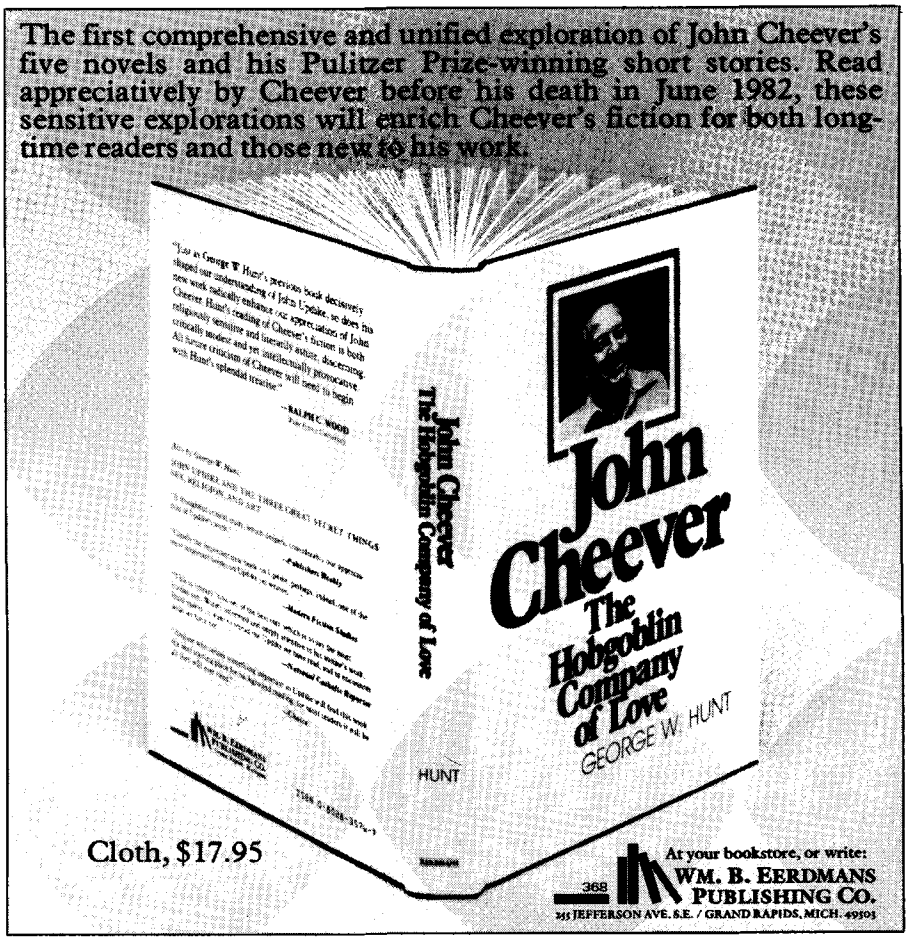
Cordially,
Patrick Cartnell

Washington
December 11, 1981

Dear Mr. Cartnell:

White hair, you thought! Sorry to disappoint you. I'm not flattered, but I did laugh. I'm an assistant professor. Now you know the truth. Are you angling for a photograph?

This will be short. I have several impossibly busy weeks ahead of me. I want to answer you before the sky falls in. Three points.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(1.) You're right of course. Stravinsky was a dance musician with a choreographic imagination. But not exclusively. You know about his near *ménage à trois* in the '20s and '30s. Musically he kept a *ménage à trente-six*, or maybe *à 1001*. Take the *Histoire*. It's almost all dances, some of his most inventive. But what holds it together? The Chorales, not for the reasons you suggest however. All the driving ragtime and tango and marching frame the near immobility of the Great Chorale which in turn guards the secret place, the tabernacle of the composition that keeps its holy emblem. Have you heard the Oubradous recording with French actors reading the script? At rehearsal number 3 in the Chorale after that incredibly open and beautiful voice leading (it's really not counterpoint), the six instruments hold a fermata on a D chord with the seventh doubled, and Jean Marchat's unhurried, worldly-wise voice says the words. They have to be in French.

Il ne faut pas ajouter à ce qu'on a ce qu'on avait.
On ne peut pas être à la fois qui on est et qui on était.
Il faut savoir choisir.
On n'a pas le droit de tout avoir. C'est défendu.
Un bonheur c'est tout le bonheur, deux, c'est comme s'ils n'existaient plus.

You cannot add to what you now have what you once had.
You cannot be both what you are and what you were.
You must know how to choose.
No one has the right to have everything. That's forbidden.
One happiness is all happiness. Two—that cancels everything out.

As I see it, hear it, Stravinsky wrote *Histoire* to house those words. They deserve it. He felt them deeply, personally. The Great Chorale corresponds to the pure time sequence at the end of *Les Noces*.

Still, neither of us can generalize from these examples. S. had no one overriding preoccupation. The quotations get confusing. "What survives every change of system is melody." Other times his chief concern does seem to be note against note counterpoint. A critic would not be wrong to claim that no twentieth-century composer has been so single-mindedly devoted to extending the rhythmic resources of our musical language. Or that S. composed most consistently and brilliantly on syllables, words reduced to nonsense noises in five languages. You say the body and choreography. Yes—and more.

(2.) There's something else that troubles me about your case. The only works you refer to belong to the period before 1940, before the *Rake*, before S. began trying out serial techniques. I don't believe you could do so well looking for the corporal aspects of the *Cantata*, or even of the specifically dance pieces like *Movements* and *The Flood*. In other words isn't your hypothesis an indirect way of attaching a higher value to his pre-serial works? This means slighting some of his greatest music. Your idea about the importance of the physical is enlightening but partial.

(3.) I think that the corporal aspect of S.'s pre-serial music that you find so appealing has to do with his stretching and distorting the pulse, and doing it in such a way as to emphasize its underlying presence. It's no accident that your favorite *Histoire* ends with battering percussion, the pitch bled out, and the pulse all powerful. It seems, if I follow your argument, that you are equating lack of strong rhythmic feel with cerebral music. How does that follow?

One of the reasons I'm so busy for the rest of the month is that I'm organizing a conference here for next year to honor Stravinsky's centenary. Most of the old-timers and vested scholars and official companions have been very sweet to me and say they'll come. It's really a miracle. I also want to bring in some new blood. Would you do a brief presentation on S. and performance for one of the panels? I suppose I should know more about you before inviting you. Well, now that I've done it, please send me a curriculum vitae. I don't need a photograph. After this conference I will have white hair.

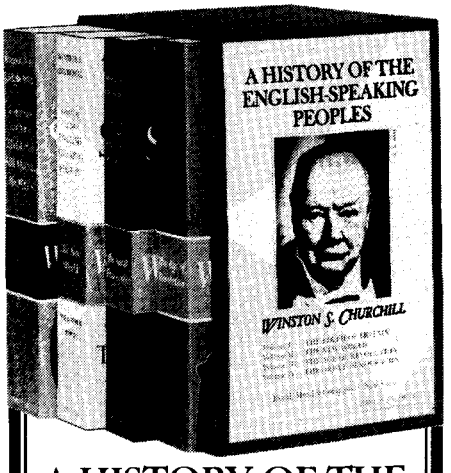
Yours,
Lydia Glaser

Cleveland
January 4, 1982

Dear Lydia Glaser:

You have my full permission to retract the invitation to your conference before I accept it. The enclosed curriculum vitae, drawn up for your sole benefit, will inform you that I have no advanced degrees, have dabbled in painting, scenery design, and art history, and remain unattached at age 35. It will *not* tell you that I'm an airline steward and work alternate weeks. Not a bad living. In other words, no credentials, no publications, no connections—except this exchange of letters with you. The article on Stravinsky I originally wrote you about is really a project, the figment of a dallying imagination. It is coming into being through these letters. Conclusion: part imposter.

A few final remarks. ("Final" for reasons I'll explain in a moment.) Yesterday I reread by "chance" Craft's journal notes for March 31, 1948. He contrasts a physically disheveled Auden little interested in his meal with the slightly dandified S. savoring his Chateaubriand and his glass of Château Margaux. Then this sentence. "While with Auden the senses seemed to be of negligible importance, with Stravinsky the affective faculties were virtual instruments of thought." May I rest my case? The contrast is too neat, probably. But it's another version of what I've been trying to say about the physicality, the corporal side, of S.'s music. For me his pre-serial compositions—this will sound pretentious and literary, but here goes—his pre-serial compositions accomplish a reassociation of sensibility, favor the thinking body, the choreographic imagination, have the order and sense of limits that allow reason and feeling to fuse. T. S. Eliot kept talking about this fusion, and our lack



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of it today. He deplored our "dissociation of sensibility." In poetry, Eliot said, we have come to want all feeling and suggestiveness, and no conceptual thought. Hasn't the opposite happened in music? It's becoming more cerebral than corporal. Is that a prejudiced opinion? I know that there are neoprimitive composers around like Crumb and Berio. But even a popular composer like Glass with all his endless repetitions and variations strikes me as basically cerebral. He's working out a concept of music, an extended set of intellectual patterns, not giving us the discoveries of a wonderfully sensitive ear or body. Perhaps the quality of S.'s music that unifies the intellectual and the sensuous exists also in his later compositions and I just don't hear it. I don't dislike those works, I just find them wanting or remote. Will you take me in hand?

Tomorrow I go off for a two-week vacation that will, if my plans work out, take me as far as India and Ceylon. It's my reward for working steadily through the holidays. As a steward with some seniority, I have great travel privileges. On the way back via Egypt, Paris, and Dulles may I take you out to dinner on Thursday, January 21? Well, this letter won't reach you before I leave. I'll send it anyway and call you tonight for an answer. At least I'll hear the sound of your voice. A musician's photograph.

A bientôt?
Patrick

P.S. Do you like to dance?

HE CAME, HE SAW, HE COGNIZED

In Search of Mind: Essays in Autobiography by Jerome Bruner

(Harper and Row, 306 pp., $20)

The late 1940s and early 1950s were exciting if unsettling times in the sciences. Theoretical breakthroughs in physics during the early part of the century had culminated in the awesome specter of nuclear weapons. The double helix was about to be discovered, thanks to advances in biochemistry and genetics. The construction of increasingly sophisticated computers was under way, the result of developments in information theory and cybernetics. And the demonstration that computers could actually solve problems provided a new legitimacy for scientific investigations of human purposiveness, planning, and thinking. Many were confident it was only a matter of time before comparable breakthroughs would occur in the behavioral sciences, especially in psychology.

In fact, however, academic psychology was mired in remarkably unproductive pursuits. Still under the sway of behaviorist ideology, the professional psychological establishment devoted its energies to the study of pigeons pecking in cages and rats running mazes in a forlorn effort to uncover the basic laws of learning. Any mention of the process of thinking, of ideas, insight, or will was dismissed as unscientific. Not that academic psychologists were notably stupid, or even ill informed. Each in his or her own life doubtless recognized the existence and importance of mental phenomena. Their professional pursuits, however, were limited by strict canons of experimentation imposed half a century earlier: whatever could not be observed and measured, could not be investigated. Unfortunately, as was already obvious to others and would soon become evident to psychologists themselves, the behaviorist gambit had ruled out the investigation of nearly everything interesting about mental life.

More than any other psychologist of his time, Jerome Bruner led the way from behaviorism to cognition, the study of mental phenomena which has always been central (for non-psychologists) in any consideration of the psyche. Perhaps his most important contribution to this sea change was his publication in the mid-1950s of *A Study of Thinking*. In a dramatic break with behaviorist methods, Bruner did more than simply observe the responses of subjects presented with assorted tasks of classification. Instead of serving as silent recorders, the Bruner team asked subjects to "introspect" about what they were doing as they sorted objects according to different properties—a move strictly out of bounds for behaviorists, who were enjoined to treat human subjects exactly as they treated rats or pigeons. Bruner and his colleagues assumed that subjects would develop hypotheses or strategies which they would try out, stick to if they proved successful, abandon if they were not. As it turned out, some subjects threw caution to the winds, varying a couple of properties from one guess to the next, in order to increase the likelihood that they would arrive quickly at the correct answer. Others proceeded in a conservative manner, never varying more than one property at a time. The descriptions of "concept formation" that Bruner arrived at ring true even today, while the behaviorist assumption that humans would proceed in a trial-and-error fashion strikes us as bizarre.

This approach to experimentation with thinking human beings may seem modest enough now. In its day, however, Bruner's method was pathbreaking. Piaget wrote from Geneva "this magnificent book is a revolution in the psychology of thought . . . it refreshes and reopens completely the great problems in the field." And J. Robert Oppenheimer commented from Princeton's Institute of Advanced Study that his younger colleague's work "has in many ways the flavor of the opening of a new science . . . the book has a unity of view and a fervor of conviction that makes it point to the future."

JEROME BRUNER'S autobiography, *In Search of Mind*, is the fifth in the Sloan Foundation's series of memoirs by eminent scientists, a worthy successor to the well-received books by physicist Freeman Dyson, biologist Peter Medawar, and physician Lewis Thomas. Bruner may not exhibit the formal elegance of his long-time colleague, George Miller, nor the sustained record of cognitive research of Nobel Laureate Herbert Simon, but his life and work more fully capture the peregrinations and triumphs of the field of psychology during the past several decades. Indeed, Bruner may well be the most representative psychologist of our time—the scientist who has placed cognition at the center of his chosen field by underscoring the essential hypothesis-

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generating and problem-solving powers of the human mind.

The bulk of Bruner's autobiography consists of a series of essays on the half-dozen major psychological movements of the time in which he played a leading—and sometimes a founding—role. These lines of research, each of which would have occupied a less versatile, less energetic researcher for a lifetime, are presented with exemplary clarity. For those who want to understand the current burst of interest in cognitive science, a field which Bruner was instrumental in launching during that crucial period in the 1950s, there is no better place to start than this book.

Yet it is clear from the opening pages that this is more than a scientific autobiography: it is a fascinating life story related by one of the most literate and imaginative thinkers of our time. The opening pages reveal the breadth of Bruner's learning and interests: we pass in rapid succession from Karl Marx to the theory of evolution, from W. H. Auden to the theory of probability, with allusions to Winston Churchill, Thomas Merton, *The New Yorker*, Jean-Paul Sartre, *The Great Gatsby*, the aboriginals of Australia, Peter Pan, and others, all before we reach the fourth page of the book. One glimpses here the breathless quality of Bruner's own thinking and conversation. His lively mind is well worth following.

We also gather very soon that Bruner has led an unusual personal life. The youngest child of a prosperous German-Jewish family living in suburban New York City, Bruner was blind for the first two years of his life. There were other stresses and strains in his childhood, including his father's death from cancer when Bruner was still a boy. His intellectual curiosity was apparent from an early age, though it took several years of wandering at Duke University before he found a niche in psychology. Also noteworthy are Bruner's service as a cultural attaché in France after the Second World War; a zest for sailing (Bruner actually manned his own boat on a trans-Atlantic sail to assume a professorial chair at Oxford); a professional as well as a personal involvement with psychoanalysis; an extraordinary wide group of friends and acquaintances, ranging from Jean-Paul Sartre to Edwin Land.

Where in this busy and wide-ranging life has there been time for psychology—for a "half-dozen articles a year for thirty-five years and ten books"—an admiring colleague once asked Bruner. Bruner's autobiography shows how one psychologist helped to create the agenda of his field. At the same time, his memoir offers glimpses of the sometimes anxious relationship between life as a "free-swaying" intellectual and a calling as a committed scientist.

Back in the 1940s, scarcely out of graduate school, Bruner and his colleague Leo Postman launched the "new look" in perception. Venturing into the most venerable corner of psychology, they demonstrated that we perceive far more than raw sensation, and that our own values, expectations, and anxieties contribute decisively to the way we construe the apparently objective world. In one especially memorable experiment, Bruner and his student Cecile Goodman showed that young children systematically overestimate the size of more valuable coins—and that poorer children were more prone to overestimation than their affluent peers. While controversial then—and controversial now—the "new look" was a first nail in the coffin of traditional "stimulus-centered" academic psychology. Bruner showed that the "same stimulus" can mean very different things to different people.

THE NEXT STEP in the revolution in psychology involved a more direct assault on the operations of the mind. In addition to the classic experiments in *A Study of Thinking*, Bruner wrote a series of important papers delineating the various ways in which individuals typically "go beyond the information" given to them. Far from simply "reading off" from the stimulus itself—what a distant object is, what a stranger wants, what an author means—normal individuals are continuously generating hypotheses, looking for cues, checking out the validity of these cues, revising their hypotheses, trying to integrate diverse sources of information into a coherent scheme. This model of human cognition now permeates the literature; in fact it is taken for granted by laypersons as well as psychologists.

Following this pivotal work on adult cognition of the 1950s Bruner turned in the 1960s to the development of mind in infants and children. By then he was ensconced at the Center for Cognitive Studies at Harvard, an institute he co-founded with George Miller, which became the training ground for many of today's leading researchers. At the Center, Bruner began an important series of studies of how children of different ages and in different cultures represent problems to themselves—a set of studies which eventually embroiled him in controversies with Piaget. He also carried out several influential studies with infants, documenting a high degree of control and intentionality in the first weeks of life.

At this time Bruner became a leading figure in education. With the publication of *The Process of Education*—one of the all-time best-sellers at the Harvard University Press—Bruner became an indispensable contributor to educational councils in the post-Sputnik era. Bruner put forth the bold claim that even young children can appreciate complex issues (like governmental organization) and mathematical concepts (like the theory of probability) in an intellectually respectable way. He called for a focus on methods which were central to different academic disciplines: while not everyone could absorb all of the knowledge necessary to be a physicist, a mathematician, and a historian, every educated person should attain some sense of what it was like to think within the confines of these disciplines. And his exciting elementary school curriculum, *Man: A Course of Study*, epitomized the method of discovery in the social sciences. As children learned about the daily lives of Bushmen and Eskimos, they simultaneously had the opportunity to ferret out principles of social organization and cultural attitudes. This curriculum enjoyed considerable success in the tolerant atmosphere of the 1960s, but it was soon attacked with great vigor by right-wing groups that recognized the characteristic Brunerian challenge to conventional ways of learning and thinking.

BRUNER himself notes his "fox-like" temperament and his impatience, which promoted him to range over disparate fields and launch projects that were never finished. As one colleague has commented, "Bruner is ten years ahead of everyone else and wouldn't wait for others to catch up." Such instinctive innovativeness has been a boon to the field, but it has also hindered Bruner's stature as a scientist. A large part of scientific work involves the dogged pursuit of a problem, and Bruner has typically preferred to leave such spade work to others. As a result,

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while there is certainly a Brunerian sensibility, a style, and a scientific credo—indeed, these issue forth from every page of this volume—there are few Brunerian laws, proofs, or textbook staples.

Making a contrast to his early colleague Postman, Bruner concludes that "beneath the skin I was—what thin words!—an intellectual first and a scientist in support." Bruner is on the mark here. The tension between the intellectual and the scientist has its costs, and these come through with special poignancy in Bruner's account of his years at Oxford. After teaching at Harvard for a quarter of a century, Bruner became a professor of psychology in Britain in the early 1970s. This was to be the culmination of a remarkable, plaudit-filled scholarly career. And much of Oxford was in tune with Bruner's broad interests and wide acquaintanceship in the world of scholarship and public life. But there was trouble within Bruner's own department, and when in a Herbert Spencer lecture Bruner lamented the narrowness of British academic psychology, his targets turned on him with a vengeance. As Bruner relates, "The term following, a weekly departmental seminar was organized; my friends referred to it merrily as the 'Bruner-bashing seminar.' It was in the high English academic abrasive tradition. I never was much good at it. But at least the issues were aired." Shortly thereafter, Bruner resigned his post and returned to the United States. Now he is very happily and productively situated in the New School of Social Research in New York City. Yet clearly the Oxford experience still smarts; it is difficult to be a polymath in an age of relentless specialization.

While some scholars seem destined to be mathematicians or historians, it seems almost an accident that Bruner became a psychologist. Still, for someone of his generation, psychology must have been a particularly inviting territory—an uncharted area that aspired to become the essential science of our time. Bruner has not been able to provide definitive answers to the questions that motivate psychology: we cannot yet say how the adult mind works, how the young mind develops, or how best to educate children. But Bruner has launched a search, mapped in this memoir, which may prove decisive for the success of the field.

HOWARD GARDNER

Howard Gardner's *Frames of Mind: The Theory of Multiple Intelligences* has recently been published by Basic Books.

A CAUSE ABOVE THE LAW

Rights on Trial: The Odyssey of a People's Lawyer by Arthur Kinoy

(Harvard University Press, 340 pp., $20)

On personal acquaintance Arthur Kinoy is pleasant enough. His professional gifts are considerable, and his reputation among students and colleagues as a professor of law is excellent. One would have thought these blessings sufficient to content any man and persuade him to hold his tongue. Not so for Arthur Kinoy. Urged on by persons unhappily named in his acknowledgements, Kinoy has written the story of his life.

The book's matter consists chiefly in Kinoy's narrative of his involvement in several remarkable chapters of recent American history—Watergate, the trade union movement, the Rosenberg case, McCarthyism, the civil rights campaign in the South, the House Un-American Activities Committee, Congress's attempt to expel Adam Clayton Powell, and the Chicago Seven. However much has already been said on these subjects, much remains to be told, and Kinoy would have put posterity in his debt had he committed to print an account of what it was like to play a part in such great events—circumstance, detail, nuance, all recoverable only from the recollection of those who were there.

Of this, however, Kinoy gives small measure. In the larger part of his book he seems satisfied to abandon thought for attitudes merely struck, judgment for a line emptily mouthed, and style for a mélange of committee-report prose and unadorned cant. There is a habit of mind (or, perhaps more accurately, a quality of personality) famously described by John Keats, writing to his brothers in December 1817: "Negative capability, that is when a man is capable of being in uncertainties, mysteries, doubts." Without negative capability, a man becomes desperate for some refuge from the fearsome complexity, the incomprehensible tears of things. He seeks out a cause, some overriding principle of action, to which he can devote himself completely. Let our man lacking negative capability be a lawyer, and he will need to search outside the law for the cause that saves him. The reason has to do with the peculiar nature of the law; it is not a fixed, complete, and coherent codification of doctrine for the solution of social problems, but a hodgepodge of improvisations for their slow amelioration. It is, in fact, a kind of institutional embodiment of negative capability. So our lawyer must look to the left, to the right, or upward to heaven, for the certainty that resolves all. Once he finds it, his ends are forever set, with his profession just a handy means to achieve them.

Arthur Kinoy is such a man, who has committed himself to such a cause. It is the cause voiced in his book's title and spelled out in its first pages:

> I was still very much committed to the work as a people's lawyer that I had been involved in since the late 1940s. . . . The people's lawyer represents movements of people who throughout the history of this country have struggled to protect and advance their elementary rights and interests against attempts by the government or big business to undermine or derail them.

Kinoy's cause is "the people" and their "struggle." But disappointment awaits the reader who is led by the book's title and opening to expect from Kinoy an intelligent justification of, say, public ownership of factories, or the elimination of class distinctions, or government by town meeting. What the reader gets is simply invocation, again and again, of "the people" and the "struggle." For example:

> Then he [Kinoy's mentor] issued a warning that has proved invaluable at other times of crisis in the people's movements: "Don't be paralyzed by the notion of the eternal life of an idea or of a body of legal concepts. After all, the only thing

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which is 'eternal' to a lawyer for working people is the struggle of those people for a better life."

As we talked, I felt easier. True, the needs of that struggle shift and change. And as they do, the legal concepts required to protect that struggle also shift and change. The one immutable element is the necessity of searching out ways to make the law and the legal processes meet the fundamental needs of the overwhelming majority of the people.

And, to the end of "the people" and their "struggle," law is but a means:

> The ultimate test of the appropriateness of a given legal strategy could not be solely the likelihood of success within the court structure. The wisdom of bringing a lawsuit, of opening up a certain line of legal strategy, had to be judged in a wholly different way. The crucial question was what role it would play at that moment in protecting or advancing the people's struggle.

The trouble with this view of the function of law is that it ignores the value of law as a limit on power. No, Kinoy would say, if "the people" want something, it's not for the law to deny it to them.

Kinoy's conception of the task of a people's lawyer took shape in his first few months at the bar. Employed by the United Electrical Workers, he had been sent to Cleveland to represent the U.E. in a hearing before the National Labor Relations Board, on a charge of unfair labor practices lodged by the union against a company with which the union was trying to bargain out an agreement. A guileless reader, assuming that Kinoy's responsibility here was to ascertain whether the accusation had been filed in good faith, and then to present the case as well as he could, will find himself quickly disabused. "The test of success for a people's lawyer," says Kinoy, "is not always the technical winning or losing of the formal proceeding." In truth, the U.E. had little interest in getting a favorable order from the N.L.R.B. Rather, the U.E. wanted "time to organize better their own union base in the plant in order to strengthen their bargaining position" and "to take some initiative in the bargaining."

Suppose that the client had been not a union but a corporation, the lawyer not a people's lawyer but the other kind, and the lawsuit one brought by the corporation against a business with which the corporation had entered into an improvident contract, the corporation's aim being to delay the performance of its obligations under the contract and thus pressure the defendant into accepting a settlement for something less than 100 cents on the dollar. Every lawyer knows that the bringing of a lawsuit to accomplish such purposes is unethical. For his professional misconduct in making impermissible ulterior use of litigation, the corporation's lawyer would be subject to censure or worse. Perhaps because Kinoy was a young man when he represented the U.E. before the N.L.R.B., he failed to see that, no matter the identity of the client, his position differed not at all from that of the corporation's lawyer. Today, thirty-five years older, Kinoy can hardly plead the innocence of youth. Nor does he; instead, he asserts that the ethical structures which apply to other lawyers do not bind a people's lawyer:

> From my experience at the Cleveland hearing . . . I began to get an insight into the role of a people's lawyer. . . . Increasingly, I realized that people's lawyers must never forget their underlying purpose: to utilize their skills in order to assist people already in motion to carry forward their own struggles. . . . Victory has to be achieved by the people themselves . . . and the legal work of a people's lawyer must be directed primarily toward helping to create an atmosphere in which the people can more readily function, organize, and move forward.

A HOMELY WAY of testing Kinoy's faith is to ask who will determine the rights and the interests of "the people." The country's population is in the hundreds of millions; discussion and referendum won't work. Still, in a democracy, some sort of elected representation must be the method, though Kinoy doesn't concede even that much. He leaves the question untouched, one suspects, because his answer would be that he and his friends will know what's good for "the people," and that of course is what "the people" will want. It boils down to power—power in the party of "the people," Kinoy might say, power in *my* party, which, he tells us, used to be the Communist Party. Whether it still is he doesn't say.

The cause of "the people" resolves doubt by excluding the possibility of any answer to any question other than the one it supplies. The price paid includes the loss of irony, of a play of mind without which the story of a life lived in perfect certainty lies dead on the page. Take the Rosenberg case. Kinoy had a role in the last-minute attempt to secure a stay of the executions. He failed. The Rosenbergs died, and this is what Kinoy finds to say about the significance of their deaths:

> Today, over a quarter of a century later, impartial historians of the period are beginning to understand that the trial was the cornerstone of a plan, of which Joe McCarthy was only one of the prime architects, to develop a national mood of hysteria that would allow suppression of all political opposition to the unfolding strategy of the Cold War.

Since Kinoy apparently believes this

PAIN

flattens the world—its bubbles
of bliss, its epiphanies, the upright
sticks of day-to-day business—
and shows us what seriousness is.

And shows us, too, how those around us
do not, and cannot, share
our being; though men talk animatedly
and challenge silence with laughter

and women bring their engendering smiles
and eyes of famous mercy,
these kind things slide away
like rain beating on a filthy window

when pain interposes.
What gauzy children's pageant
filled the skull's ballroom before
the caped dark stranger commanded, *Freeze*?

Life is worse than folly. We live
within a cage wherefrom escape
annihilates the captive: this, too,
pain leads us to consider anew.

JOHN UPDIKE

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—never mind Ronald Radosh and Joyce Milton's impressive new evidence of the Rosenbergs' guilt—it can't be called dishonesty. Perhaps "wanting in independence of thought and distinction of manner" would do.

Because Kinoy's commitment leaves him unable to perceive that which his cause excludes as impossible, his book gives off an aura of fantasy. His world is not the world the rest of us live in, as exemplified by Kinoy's account of a lawsuit where the government argued that the President had inherent authority to permit warrantless wiretapping when the President believed national security required it. Kinoy was one of two lawyers opposing the government in the Supreme Court. He saw the implications of the case as follows:

> We discussed the word to describe where all this might be heading. There was a word, but we were all reluctant to use it. It had fearful connotations for most Americans. It was a word out of European experiences which most Americans, including ourselves, were loath to put into an American context. That word was "fascism."

As Kinoy argued the case, he writes, he was terrified by the prospect of losing. When the Supreme Court decided his way, "it was almost impossible to believe." A reader who knew about the case only what Kinoy tells of it would assume that the government's malevolent plan to subvert the Constitution and institute tyranny had been forestalled by a near-miraculous courtroom victory. This is nonsense on stilts.

Kinoy fails to point out that when the government submitted its theory of Presidential authority to the judiciary for the judiciary's approval or disapproval, it was hardly committing the act of an incipient fascist state. He fails to point out that from district court through court of appeals to Supreme Court, twelve judges passed on the case. Their aggregate vote was eleven to one against the government's position. He fails to point out that any well-informed lawyer would have known that Kinoy could not lose. The result was inevitable. Only one aspect of the case was problematic, and that is how the government's lawyers could think they had even a remote chance of winning.

Kinoy's distortion of view applies to himself as well as to his cases. He is a people's lawyer, battling endlessly on their behalf against the establishment. The untutored reader, knowing only Kinoy, would assume that Kinoy's career has been a series of defeats, with the power of government and of big business crushing "the people" in their struggle. But should the reader persevere to the end of the book, he may realize for himself—Kinoy fails to point it out—that Kinoy has almost always won. When the people litigate against government or big business, the courts frequently decide for "the people." Had Kinoy only been capable of seeing this, it might have served to temper somewhat the hysterical and despairing tone which, together with his infirm grasp of the English language, makes his book so dreary.

This man flatters himself. He has had no "odyssey." He has had only a successful career in a political and legal system that rewards even his opposition to it.

IRVING YOUNGER

Irving Younger is a lawyer in Washington, D.C.

JESUS IN JAPAN

Wonderful Fool
by Shusaku Endo

(Harper and Row / Kodansha International, 237 pp., $13.95)

For the second consecutive year, Harper and Row / Kodansha International has published a novel by the highly regarded Japanese Catholic writer Shusaku Endo. *Wonderful Fool*, with its postwar setting and the bright tone of Francis Mathy's admirable translation, may seem to share little with last year's grim historical novel, *The Samurai*. But a postscript to that tale of Christian persecution in seventeenth-century Japan provides an oblique autobiographical link to *Wonderful Fool*. "I was the first Japanese to study abroad after the war, the first to travel to Europe," Endo remarks, suggesting an affinity with the samurai-protagonist and his fellow envoys to the New World. Endo, who converted to Catholicism in childhood and later traveled to Paris to study the French Catholic novelists, has explored time and again in his work the alienation of the Christian in Japan, and his sorrow that Christianity as the West knows it has not taken root in his country, which he repeatedly likens to a swamp. In *Wonderful Fool*, these familiar images and autobiographical details appear—indeed, the climactic action of the novel takes place in a swamp, and one of the principal characters, a former student of French embittered by the war and now a tubercular gangster, is actually called Endo.

But one might also see autobiography in the portrait that Endo, erstwhile foreigner in France, makes of the "wonderful fool" of the novel's title, Gaston Bonaparte, who shores up unexpectedly in Yokohama harbor. "Gas," as his former pen pal and first host, Takamori Higaki, rather foolishly nicknames him, is a descendant of Napoleon. Ancestry figures so large in the Japanese imagination that Takamori and his shrewish sister Tomoe are continually, comically mystified that anyone of Gaston's lineage could be so clumsy, naive, ill dressed, and ineffectual. Surely much of the humor of Gaston's initiation in Japanese ways—his wearing boots with a kimono, for instance, or mistaking a man's loincloth for a table napkin—must derive from the young Endo's embarrassing experiences in France. But Gaston, as is probably clear much earlier to a Western than a Japanese reader, is descended not only from his creator and from Napoleon but from another great conqueror, Christ, whose victories were also mysterious and unlikely.

The essence of Gaston's success as a character, and as an exemplar of Christian meekness and trust, is paradox. So cowardly he won't even defend himself in a fistfight, heroically he takes it upon himself to try to prevent Endo the gangster from killing three men, and in effect to save Endo's soul. Just as Christ's message is foreign to Japan (and by larger implication the entire modern world), his spokesman can barely speak

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Japanese—is little more, by his own admission, than someone to dog the heels of those who don't want him. And so he is likened, a little too obviously and often, to the street mongrel he picks up and names Napoleon. If it seems odd that we should accept Gaston as part Endo the novelist, part Christ, and part dog, he is also likened variously to a Sumo wrestler, a horse, a monkey, a potato, a popeyed goldfish, and a hippopotamus. He may, or may not, actually turn into an egret. For all the gravity of his mission, one might read Gaston not as a person at all, but as a protean cartoon character.

Curiously, Endo's least convincing character is his namesake, who vacillates between black-and-white villainousness consistent with the comic-strip tone of the novel and a heavy-handed psychoanalytical approach to his own failures: "I don't trust [people] because I've been made not to trust them," he confides to Gaston. Throughout the novel it is Takamori who serves more effectively as the novelist's pagan and instinctive interpreter of Gaston's apparent foolishness: "But for such a man, a man both weak and cowardly, to bear the burden of his weakness and struggle valiantly to live a beautiful life—that's what I call great," he proclaims in one such feat of insight. (It is a conviction familiar to readers of other novels by Endo and by his mutual admirer, Graham Greene.) Chotei Kawaii, a fortuneteller Gaston befriends, serves as another mouthpiece for Endo: "Purity of heart . . . young Japanese have no use for it. . . . It's in the spirit that Japan is poor."

ULTIMATELY it is the novelist's humor—slapstick, corny, irreverent—that permits him to moralize so openly, to instruct as he entertains. "Aspiring intellectuals are never of any help in such situations," he'll philosophize archly, or "Thugs also have their scale of values." Often a generalization precedes action: "Women have a delicate sensibility. When Matchan got out of sorts, she let the dishes know how she felt." The humor in *Wonderful Fool* is so broad, in fact, that one sometimes feels one is reading the screenplay of a screwball comedy. When Gaston, unaware of the Japanese custom of bowing, greets Tomoe by offering her his hand, she "was put out, but she could not very well refuse his gesture. So she handed him instead her handbag. He

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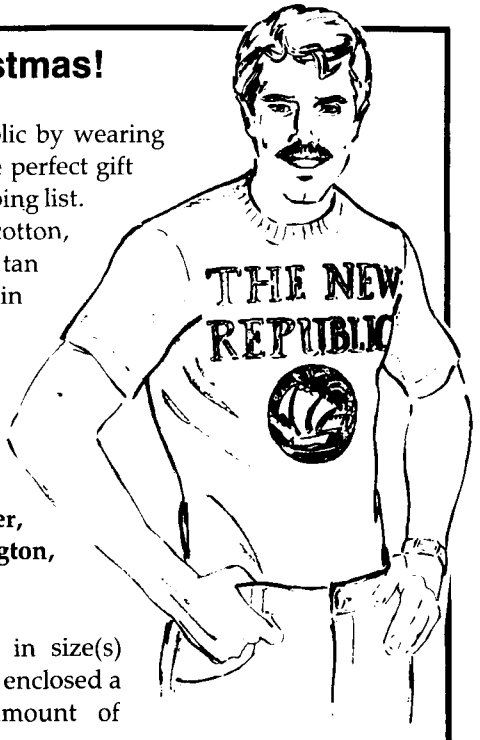

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opened his large mouth and smiled with great joy." (A nice touch, that: in Endo's world view, it is the young Japanese who is crassly materialistic, the Westerner who is endowed with inscrutable spirituality.)

References to the movies preponderate, lending an immediacy that may surprise readers of Endo's historical novels. Tomoe is disappointed, for instance, that the French visitor looks nothing like Charles Boyer, or because his fourth-class quarters on the boat on which he arrives remind her of an old film called *Slave Ship*. Characters who are separated by Tokyo's vast distances and class lines turn out to have known each other in times past, and one coincidence Takamori discovers is so neat that Tomoe complains to her brother, "You've been seeing too many third-rate films. The criminal always turns out to be the childhood pal of the detective chasing him." Endo's scene changes are equally cinematic: the camera rolls back to show us what's been happening simultaneously in another part of the field, or lingers to show us characters who have missed each other by tragicomic seconds.

PERHAPS the most profound verbal allusion to the movies—because it gives us a taste of Gaston's values before he appears, and foreshadows his sacrifices—is in perpetually broke Takamori's complaint about his parsimonious, self-serving sister Tomoe. He remembers *La Strada*, a film that could teach her a lesson:

> A man named Zambaloni was always being followed around by a woman named Gelsomina. However much he hit and kicked her, teased and abused her, she never left his side. Then finally she was abandoned by him in the mountains, as the desolate winter sun was setting. A woman with no clever plans for living her life, with no calculation of profit or loss. From the point of view of the modern Japanese girl what could be more ridiculous? Still it was this very spirit of long-suffering that had in the end transformed her into a beautiful saint.

Just as Endo has lamented throughout his oeuvre what Christianity has lost in translation to Japan, it may prove difficult for a Westerner—Christian or not—to be sure of reading Endo in the appropriate spirit. That Gaston considers himself an unofficial Christian missionary, for instance, so soon became obvious to me that it seemed virtually a premise of the novel; and yet when Endo makes this explicit at its end, he clearly expects his Japanese readers to experience a revelation. Japanese readers' lesser familiarity with Christian teachings may also allow them to sit still for the sermonizing with fresher interest. And yet as so often, and so fascinatingly, occurs in a Japanese novel, the faintly irritating hammering of certain themes and images is counterbalanced by an elusiveness of plot (does Gaston turn into an egret and fly away?) or character (is Endo the gangster perhaps not meant to be funny at all?) which, I suspect, a Japanese would understand or at least accept more comfortably. It is the awareness of ourselves as foreigners to Japanese sensibility in *Wonderful Fool* that doubles Endo's challenge to English readers, and that adds to this funny, offbeat novel yet another layer of depth.

MARY JO SALTER

Mary Jo Salter is a poet who recently spent three years in Japan.

ONE DAY IN LOUISIANA

A Gathering of Old Men by Ernest J. Gaines

(Knopf, 214 pp., $13.95)

In *The Autobiography of Miss Jane Pittman* (1971) Ernest J. Gaines told a hundred years of Afro-American experience through the solo voice of a former slave, 110 years old when she tells her story in 1962. Now in an eloquent new novel, *A Gathering of Old Men*, a gallery of voices tells the story of one day on a rural and remote Louisiana plantation. Mostly these voices belong to black men in their seventies and eighties who gather determined to stand together in an act of violent, public revenge before they die. Like the rest of Gaines's fiction, *A Gathering of Old Men* explores how and why the old ways with the land and the old customs between blacks and whites have changed, and are still changing.

Gaines is a regionalist writer influenced by Chekhov, Turgenev, and other nineteenth-century Russians; by stories he's heard the old people tell in his native Louisiana; by *Lay My Burden Down*, the W.P.A. interviews with ex-slaves; by the rural blues; and by American writers with a strong sense of region and place like Faulkner and Cather, Anderson and Toomer. In his stoical world men and women change things, but not according to national or global norms. Things change, rather, because of people's courage and will in the face of the conditions of their lives in a remote, imaginary parish of Louisiana. In Gaines's new novel, place ("this Louisiana thing that drives me") is the profound stage for a remarkably original gathering of voices.

A Gathering of Old Men takes place on a hot fall day in the late 1970s. At first, the plot seems conventional enough, even played out, but that's the very hook baited by Gaines and his narrators. Beau Boutan, a bullying member of a notoriously violent and racist Cajun clan, is shot to death at close range. Candy Marshall, a headstrong white woman in her early thirties and the last surviving descendant of the local ruling family, claims she's killed Boutan. Knowing her lie won't stand up, and desperate to protect Mathu, an ancient black man who helped raise her, she puts out the call for the old black men of the parish to gather, each with a twelve-gauge shotgun. But first each should fire a single number-five shell. They do, and they gather. One by one, each tells Mapes, a "big fat red hulk" of an old Southern sheriff, that he's killed Beau. So far the novel is a tall tale, but the old men's voices and their stories of past brutality and past passivity explode the limits of the plot, and the conventions between the races. As they speak, the act of voicing responsibility charges the old men with courage and a new sense of self.

The old men know when they come

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what it means to stand. Mathu, the man they come to defend, "had never backed down from anybody." But they don't have what it takes to stand until after they gather. They stand before Mapes's intimidation as a rehearsal to stand and fight the Boutans when they and their friends ride, as they always have in the past, to avenge Beau and lynch any black who stands between them and their prey. But times are changing for the Boutan clan, too. A patriarch before he is a night rider, old "Mean Fix" Boutan decides not to ride because one of his sons, haltingly, painfully, speaks against avenging his brother in the old way. In the end, some redneck hangers-on ride in the Boutans' stead, and the story comes to a violent tragicomic climax and a rejuvenating conclusion quite different from anyone's expectations.

Like the moments of their lives, the characters' voices ebb and flow. In the past, these blacks and whites lived side by side but not together. Now, as the old black men speak honestly, their voices reveal losses that cannot be calculated or overcome. "You had to be there then to be able to don't see it and don't hear it now," Johnnie Paul tells the sheriff as if to say that there continue to be divergent memories for blacks and whites. Nonetheless, the novel's conclusion implies that blacks and whites may now be better able to tend their private lives.

What happens at the trial, in the open glare of national media, is what many said had to happen in order for change to come in the Deep South—or anywhere else. The people testify truly, Sheriff Mapes embarrassingly so, and the judge stirs the letter and the spirit of the law into a gumbo justice reminiscent of the fluid, improvisatory encounters between the old men and the sheriff throughout the novel.

GAINES'S refusal to caricature any of his characters makes the changes they go through palpable and believable. Mapes, for instance, after he witnesses the old men's persistent courage against him, becomes free enough from social and psychological conventions to respond in a completely serious and sincere way to a black man's request to be called mister. "At this point, anything you say . . . Mr. Biggs," he says. "That goes for the rest of y'all around here." In the past Mapes has made words a companion to the gun and the club, so now his modulated, still rough voice makes his change of behavior all the more convincing.

Old Mathu, the only man the old black men and Mapes both respect at the beginning of the story, changes too.

> You know why proud to be African? 'Cause they won't let me be a citizen here in this country. Hate them 'cause they won't let me be a citizen, hated y'all 'cause you never tried. Just a mean-hearted old man. All I ever been, till this hour.

Mathu gathers all he is and was into the simple, eloquent tones and rhythms and words of his voice. "I been changed by y'all. Rooster, Clabber, Dirty Red, Coot—you changed this hard-hearted old man." Others, black and white, male and female, old and young have also changed and been changed, due to the discovery that courage and struggle are mixed up with love, and that love is uncontainable.

CHANGE is Gaines's obsessive theme, and change fuels *A Gathering of Old Men* all the more intensely because of a few exceptions. One of the white narrators, Jacques Thibeau, also known as Tee Jack, runs a "little old bitty combination grocery store and liquor store" whose former "little private room for black customers," a.k.a. "the nigger room," he boarded up when segregation officially ended. This does not mean that blacks now drink in the bar. They don't, even in the late 1970s, and Tee Jack chronicles this failure of change in an idiom far richer than his petty, mean point of view. "You can call me anything you want, but that's how things are in little places like this." He is superficially right and profoundly wrong. But for all his meanness, Tee Jack remains intriguing and believable—realized as a human being. As the novelist Alice Walker noted more than a decade ago, one of Gaines's strengths is that he knows his world, and loves it so well he cannot bear to reduce even the ugliest, cruelest, and most loathsome redneck to a stereotype.

"We'll never gather like this again," one of the old black men tells the others near the climax. His words capture the wonder of both the action and the novel's form. The people gather to speak and to perform small, unexpected, important, eloquent actions. The novel, too, gathers voices, stories, and actions into a rhetorical whole that re-creates a vanished world of living people, horses, trees, flowers, and a river. Gaines's novel affirms the power of human voices to keep the past alive, and to compel those who hear and see to bring their lives closer to what Ralph Ellison identified as "that condition of being at home in the world which is called love and which we term democracy."

JOHN F. CALLAHAN

John F. Callahan is chairman of the English department of Lewis and Clark College.

"IT IS A TELLING COMMENT on the Western condition that our media gave such widespread publicity to the arrival of the first cruise missile in Britain. Since 1977, Moscow has deployed roughly one SS-20 per week, each carrying three warheads aimed at the same cities where peace marchers march, blissfully indifferent to them. But let the United States deploy a single missile in defense of the West, and presto—the camera crews and protestors emerge."

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TRB, *from page 4*

what really drives them to despair is the quality of the food and the air.

It could well be that a rapist deserves no better than this. But that hardly justifies dismissing an alternative anyone might sanely prefer as "barbarism." The fallacy is comparing what the Ayatollah Khomeini does in practice with what the United States of America does in theory. The illusion is easy to maintain because our actual practice is hidden away and easy to ignore. A sentence of castration means what it says. A sentence of imprisonment doesn't begin to describe it.

Since the subject of castration is so emotionally fraught (I think I speak for all of us here), consider instead amputation. Several commentators have pointed out that Judge Pyle's sentence misses the point, since rape is a crime of violence, not of desire. It would be quite hard to commit rape with one arm. And who wouldn't prefer to lose an arm rather than lose fourteen years of his life (and God knows what else) in a South Carolina prison?

The purposes of punishment, as taught in law school textbooks, are four: to satisfy society's and the victim's justifiable desire for retribution; to protect society from a repeat of the offense; to deter others by example; and to rehabilitate the criminal. Various of these goals come into and go out of fashion. At the moment, rehabilitation is considered a dead letter, and certainly what goes on in prison is more like the opposite. Top dog these days is preventing criminals from repeating their crimes—or, more accurately, arranging so that they can commit their crimes only against other criminals. And retribution pure and simple is making a big comeback.

By any of these standards except the out-of-favor rehabilitation, the chopping off of body parts (along with branding, whipping, and other antiquarian delights) seems at least as well suited to the purpose as imprisonment, and a lot cheaper too. And who is to say—after reflecting which punishment he or she would take if given the choice—that this style of justice is not more tempered by mercy as well?

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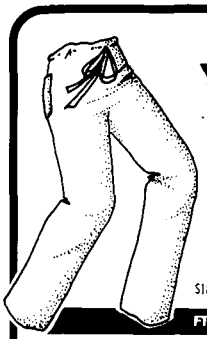

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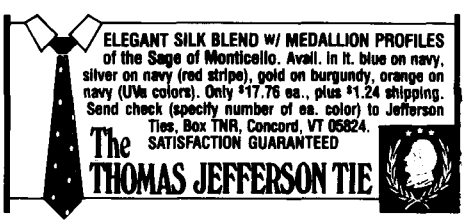
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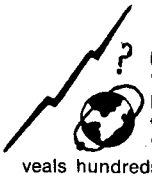

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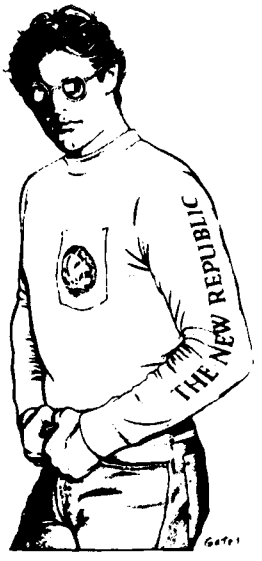

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CAMBRIDGE DIARIST

The Great Debate

IT'S HARD TO BELIEVE that the nuclear age is now old enough to have produced grand old men. Not long ago, two of the legendary physicists who helped create the atom bomb—Edward Teller and Hans Bethe—came together at Harvard's Kennedy School of Government to debate the latest notion in the arms race: space weapons. There was a sense of historical déjà vu, almost nostalgia, to the occasion.

BETHE AND TELLER, both in their late 70s, appeared wizened as they took their seats. Friends in the 1920s when they were students in Munich, they worked together on the Manhattan Project during World War II, but split after the war when Teller actively began to promote development of the hydrogen bomb and Bethe elected to return to basic physics at Cornell. So different are their views of nuclear weapons that it was striking to see how different the two men appeared in person. Teller is somewhat hunched, with a jowly face, bushy eyebrows, and large, sad eyes. Bethe, though taller, appears almost elfin, with luminescent, pale eyes and a small, pixie-like face compressed into a quizzical smile. Teller, Hungarian born, speaks gutturally and excitedly; Bethe, German born, speaks quietly, at times inaudibly, and with a gentler accent. Had there been an applause meter in the room, Bethe would have won easily. The audience seemed largely comprised of the liberal Cambridge intelligentsia to whom Bethe is a hero for his decades of efforts to mitigate the consequences of the invention he did so much to bring into existence. Teller, a far more controversial figure, was the star, or, more precisely, the antihero.

TELLER IS KNOWN as the father of the hydrogen bomb (though some scientists prefer to think of him as its midwife), and he is also the leading proponent of the defense strategy first enunciated by President Reagan last March 23 in his "Star Wars speech." One of the prototypes for Stanley Kubrick's Dr. Strangelove, Teller opened his talk in measured tones, as if to dispel his mad-scientist image. But it was only a matter of time before his irrepressible fondness for technology—what he repeatedly called "ingenuity"—broke through. Space weapons, also known as beam weapons, would theoretically destroy incoming enemy missiles shortly after launch by means of nuclear-powered lasers, or particle beams, or microwaves. Teller assured the audience that the idea would work. "There are ways," he said, "that I'm not allowed to describe in detail." Time after time, as involuntarily as a tic, he alluded to his top-secret involvement in the project, so often that his deliberate mysteriousness began to seem quaint. Anticipating the audience's complaint about the effectiveness of space weapons, Teller told a story about walking in Glacier National Park in Montana years ago with another scientist who carried a stick to ward off the grizzly bears. "But a stick will hardly protect us against a grizzly bear," Teller had objected. "Yes, I know," his companion told him, "but I hope the grizzly bears don't."

IF TELLER WAS Mr. Classified Information, Bethe, a Nobel Laureate, was Mr. Public Information. Teller spoke like a skilled debater, Bethe like a physics professor, all details and calm logic. "I do not believe that Star Wars will work," he said simply. "Twenty years of a grand arms race" would be the only outcome of his friend Edward's plan. A few years ago Bethe remarked in a *New Yorker* profile, "One might say that scientifically Teller is overfertile." He was too tactful to repeat the statement during the debate.

THE QUESTIONERS were just as varied in style. A young woman, clearly a student at the Kennedy School, asked something about "A-SATS" and "DARPA." A clean-cut man in a tweed jacket began to rant at Bethe, waving a book: "What you're saying is wrong! . . . the Soviets . . . I have a book! . . ." until the moderator threatened to call in the university police. Meanwhile, Bethe was eating raisins from a little Sun-Maid box. The debate began in earnest when someone from the audience asked how Bethe's assertion that space weapons will not work could be taken seriously—hadn't he wrongly predicted in 1950 that the hydrogen bomb would be a failure? Before Bethe could respond, Teller spoke up, saying that Hans had a long tradition of being "incompletely informed." "Thank you for your compliments," Bethe replied sarcastically. Then, growing visibly angry for the first time, his ears reddening, Bethe told the questioner that in fact he had predicted the development of the H-bomb in an article in 1945. "You have conveniently forgotten that," he said.

BUT THE REAL ARGUMENT was left unstated. It is a question that has riven the community of nuclear scientists since the birth of the bomb: can we trust the Russians not to consign both themselves and us to the ash heap of history? Some, like Teller, who argue for unceasing work on the development of nuclear weapons, say no. Others, like Bethe, who believe in treaties and arms limitations, say we can or we must. When Bethe cautioned against making the hydrogen bomb in the early 1950s, in the belief that it would hasten the arms race, Teller insisted that the Soviets were already at work on it and so we had to be too. When Bethe and other scientists pressed for a ban on all nuclear tests in the late '50s and early '60s, Teller warned that the Russians could dig a "big hole" in which to try out their bombs, and such underground explosions could easily be mistaken for earthquakes. He enumerated Soviet violations of chemical and biological warfare treaties in recent years (none of them adequately proven, by the way) and of the Helsinki accords. To Teller, space weapons hold the promise of a nuclear defense that is not dependent on trust; to Bethe, the creation of greater and more sophisticated weapons of warfare, whether for "offense" or "defense," lead inexorably to greater expenditures and greater peril. Bethe and Teller, brilliant scientists both, with profoundly divergent political views, have engaged in this debate in one form or another since 1943.

OUTSIDE THE BUILDING, supporters of Teller bore placards that read BUILD BEAM WEAPONS OR LEARN RUSSIAN. To those of us with at least some knowledge of the language, this ultimatum didn't seem as menacing as it was doubtless intended to be.

JOSEPH FINDER

Joseph Finder is the author of *Red Carpet* (New Republic Books / Holt, Rinehart & Winston).

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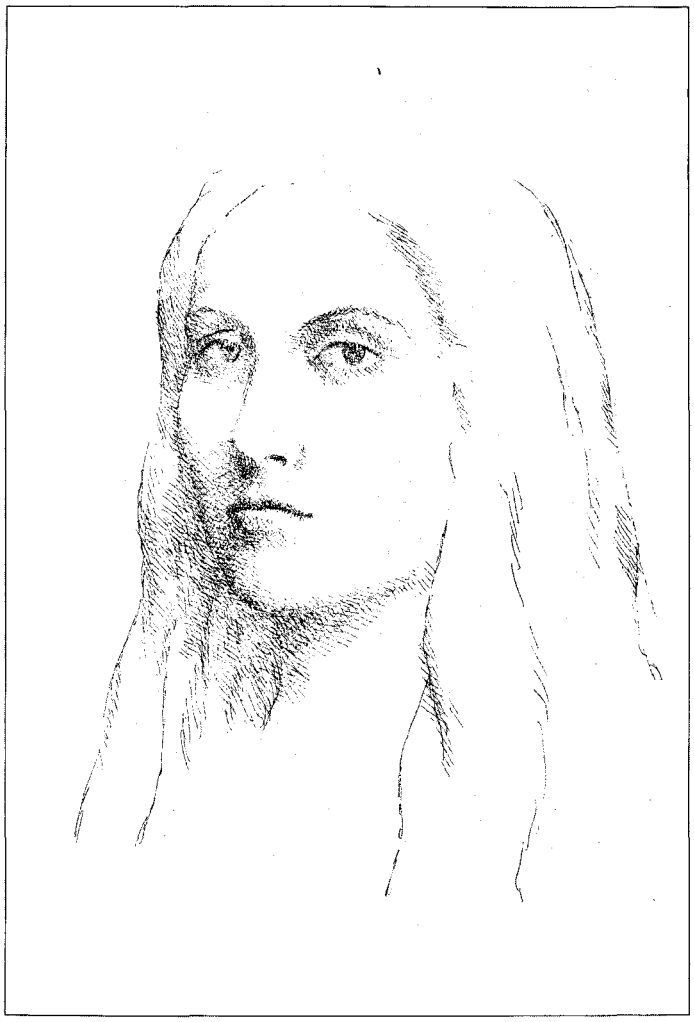

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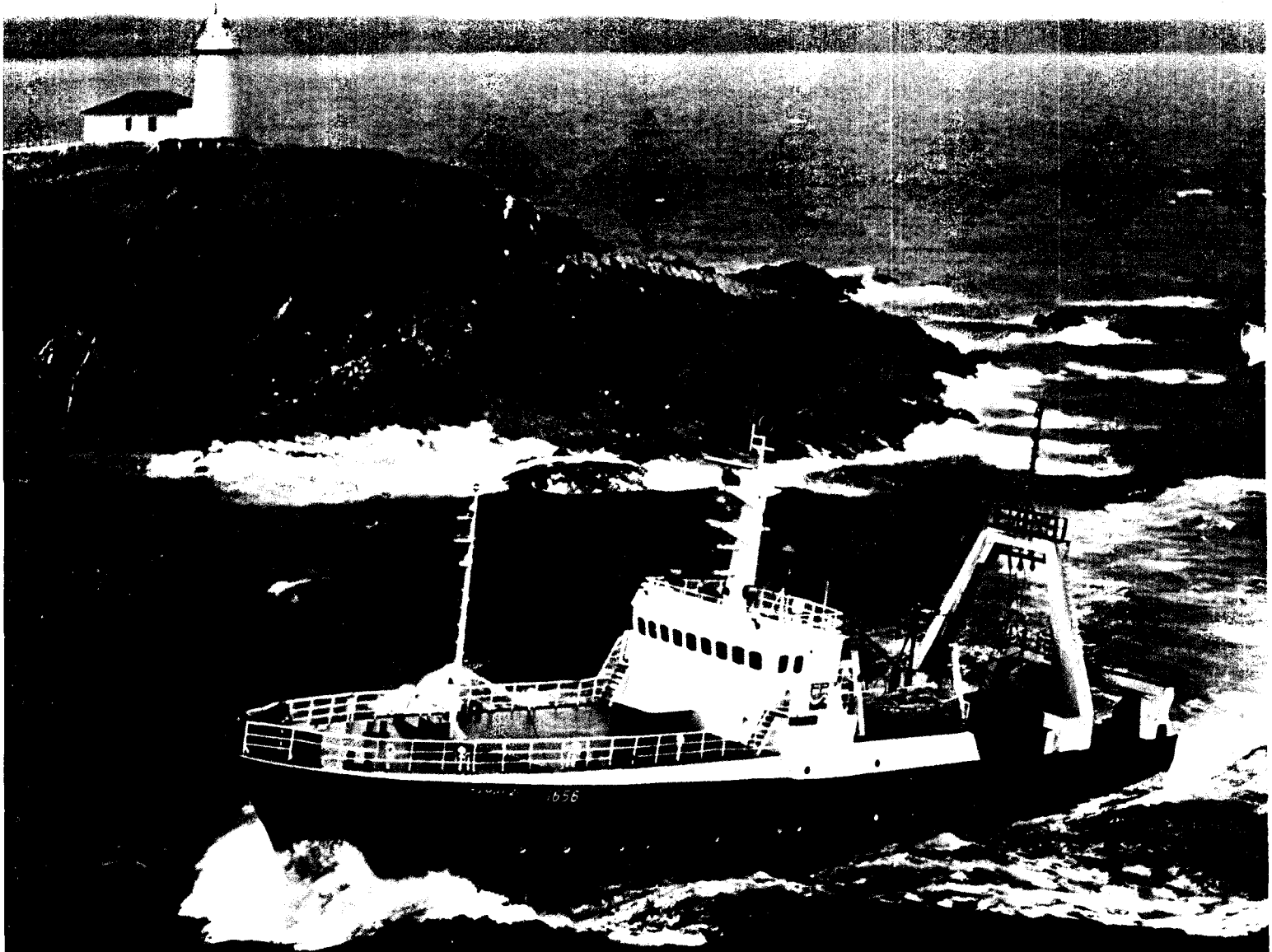

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